New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVIII · No. 1497 SATURDAY · 21 NOVEMBER 1959 NINEPENCE

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What Became of John Bull?

One of the main reasons why Mr Macmillan won the election was that, during the past year, he had made strenuous and, in part, successful efforts to promote a world *détente*. The most popular of his election promises was that these efforts would be redoubled. To judge by what has happened since 8 October, it seems likely to be the first to be broken. Not only was he unable to announce the Summit date, as he promised, 'within a few days', but he appears to have lost the sense of urgency and determination which proved so profitable in the months when the election had still to be won. Last week he sent Mr Selwyn Lloyd cap in hand to Paris, with instructions to smooth the ruffled feathers of the elderly parakeet in the Elysée. This week he has wined and dined Dr Adenauer, the arch-obstructionist.

What is the purpose of these futile diplomatic charades? Before Mr Lloyd had even set foot in Paris, General de Gaulle had already publicly announced his detailed conditions for a Summit meeting and had laid down an inflexible timetable; plainly, there was nothing here to be negotiated, and the mind boggles at what yawning platitudes the two men found to utter when they met. Equally, Dr Adenauer has repeatedly, both in public and in private, insisted that he will in no circumstances countenance any workable scheme for disengagement; what, therefore, was on the agenda during those heavy hours at Number Ten? An official spokesman, with characteristic contempt for the public intelligence, described the talks as 'easy, affable, outspoken and intimate'. If they were really outspoken, how could they be affable? And in any case, what were they affable and/or outspoken about? It is difficult to see how any further time could have been wasted on Britain's moribund scheme for a tariff agreement with the Common Market powers. Britain now has her own seven-power market, and, with exports booming and the sterling reserves strong, has no need to regard the Little Europeans as a threat. For his part, Dr Adenauer has made it clear that, if France persists in refusing Britain's schemes for mutual tariff adjustments, he will have no hesitation in backing France; moreover, he has now stated that the Common Market will ultimately develop into a political grouping, of a type which Britain could never contemplate joining. Plainly, there is no room for negotiation on this matter, either.

What the British public fails to understand is why, in her relations with these two unaccommodating and obscurantist governments, Britain should adopt such a defensive and apologetic posture. When he first set out on his Summit quest this year, Mr Macmillan acted in the teeth of Washington's disapproval; it was natural, therefore, for him to move warily. But since then President Eisenhower has swung round decisively to the British viewpoint; the need is now for more determination, not less. After all, the Anglo-American axis is the core of Nato. Its views should – if firmly expressed – prevail automatically. General de Gaulle and Dr Adenauer, whose present contributions to the defensive strength of the alliance are virtually negligible, have convincingly demonstrated that single-minded obstinacy can be an effective substitute for real power. Why should Britain – whose contribution to Europe's defence is second only to America's, and which bears a bigger proportional burden in the cause of collective security than any other western nation – fail to exert the diplomatic weight to which these sacrifices entitle her?

This paradox appears all the more bitter when set against the backdrop of Tory *weltanschauung*. Shortly after the Suez fiasco, Mr Macmillan evoked frenzied cheers from his cowed supporters by announcing that he was going to put the Great back in Britain. If this phrase means anything – beyond an assertion of the right to occasional repressions in Africa – it means that Britain will continue to play her traditional, if self-styled, role in the promotion of peace and stability throughout the world. This spring, for the first time, Mr Macmillan showed that he had grasped its true and proper meaning. Why is he faltering now? Mr Krushchev's announcement that a single Soviet factory is producing 250 megadeath weapons a year is a timely reminder of the risks of delay.

Comments on the Week's News

A Feudal Revolt

The noble Watutsi, leaning on their spears or leaping round in some other photogenic pose, have long been figures in the 'camera books' of modern Africa. Now these long-legged 'lazybones' of Ruanda Urundi (a trusteeship territory administered by Belgium) are in trouble. Their Bahutu vassals – or rather villeins – have risen against them and on present form, being much more numerous, are pretty sure to win. However wrong they are in spearing the picturesque though parasitical Watutsi, we must sympathise with the revolt of the Bahutu, a noble, laborious, if rather drab people. The Watutsi may have been chivalrous lords, but they are also great consumers. In Maquet's words, the Watutsi 'do no manual work and have leisure to cultivate eloquence, poetry, refined manners and the subtle art of being witty while talking and drinking Hydromal with friends'. It is the Bahutu who have had to supply this elegant Establishment by regular and heavy tribute. So long as feudal duties balanced feudal rights the system worked well enough. Left to itself, it would probably have found its own regulating machinery of change and the Bahutu would in the end have shoved the Watutsi off their necks more or less peaceably. But Belgian indirect rule has interfered with the drift and shift of social change: feudal rights and duties have given way to something pretty near autocracy; and it is the Bahutu who have suffered. This little revolution in the vivid foothills of the Mountains of the Moon is thus a prime example of colonial ineptitude. What the Belgians have now got to do – and it will not be easy for them – is to persuade the Bahutu to make peace by offering them guarantees of social change. This means restoring order but not trying to restore the past – always difficult for a colonial power in trouble, and doubly so for the Belgians, whose experience of dealing with trouble in Africa has, until the last few months, meant prison and the hanging squad.

A Marriage of Convenience

The intriguing speculation about the new party formed in Cyprus this weekend is why two such apparently incompatible personalities should have formed a united front. The Democratic Union has been established by Dr Dervis, Mayor of Nicosia, and Mr John Clerides, QC. Dr Dervis leads the right-wing Nationalist Party. All Mr Clerides's instincts are liberal. During the period of conflict in Cyprus, he was the one individual who consistently spoke out against the government's attempt to impose its policy by force, and the consequent interference with individual liberties. His son, Mr Glefcos Clerides, has been appointed as Minister of Justice in Archbishop Makarios's transitional government and probably comes nearer than any other Cypriot personality to a belief in democratic Socialism. It would appear, therefore, that the new party represents a marriage of convenience. This suggests that it is unlikely to play any permanent part in Cypriot politics. Nevertheless, the fact that it has been formed represents a challenge to the Archbishop. If the new party decides to run a presidential candidate it will make his position very difficult. It is one thing for the Ethnarch to be elected President unopposed and unanimously; it is quite another for him to take part in a disputed political contest.

Neglected Facts . . .

Reports of the inadequacies of British private industry are now falling like leaves on the autumnal scene. Last week it was machine tools; now it is the shipping industry which, in a PEP survey, is found wanting. The criticisms of shipping are severe even when one bears in mind the difficult period it has been going through. The industry's first replies to them have not been very convincing. Principally these criticisms are that there are too few university graduates, managerial efficiency has not everywhere maintained the standards set by pioneers, the implications of apparatus like electric computers have not been examined, selling techniques can be primitive and attitudes to research backward. It is with this question of industrial research that the unpublished report of the Department of Industrial and Scientific Research into the machine tool industry is also believed to deal. In many important fields, like the development of electronically controlled tools, this industry has steadily been winning a reputation for backwardness. Its exports have declined sharply in the past three years. Motor car manufacturers have needed to look abroad when massive re-tooling has been undertaken, while some industries requiring the most modern electronic equipment have created their own. Extraordinary though it may seem in this day and age, the industry has no research centre of its own. But shipping and machine tools are by no means the only dunces in the corner. With the exception of those industries involved in the defence programme, where technological advances made can be put to commercial use, and a handful of others, there is evidence that British industry is lagging behind Russia and the US in crucial fields of research. Government sponsorship of this work is an inevitable solution to the crisis private industry's inadequacies is likely to create in the next decade. What needs careful examination, however, is the extent to which private industry should be allowed to profit from research which it was either unable or unwilling to undertake itself. Parliament should watch very closely the methods by which the government proposes to encourage the establishment of research centres.

. . . And Beguiling Fancies

In strange contrast to these facts, Sir David Eccles, in his inimitable way, reassured an audience in Newcastle last week about the quality and quantity of British research and inventiveness. After all, he said, our pots, pans and frigidaires were far, far better than those of the Russians. That the USSR has concentrated on equalling the American defence effort and successfully accomplished this even quantitatively (their rocket and missile development is, of course, far in advance of what the Americans have yet produced) does not seem to disturb the Minister. Yet with Soviet defence expenditure stabilised in absolute terms it is obviously investment, and eventually consumption, which will benefit from any further expansion. According to Mr Alan Dulles this should double Russian production by 1970 and bring it to 70 per cent. of the American output of that year. These are conservative estimates, especially if we remember that the American (and western European) growth has slowed down considerably over the past four years. Our own has been nearer to one than two per cent., and the recent increase in well-being is almost solely due to cheap raw material imports. Yet Professor Carter, of Manchester University, calls it 'a period of exceptional success'. He has just been appointed a member of the Department of Industrial and Scientific Research. The effect of subliminal advertising appears to be spreading very rapidly.

The Right of Asylum

It is no doubt true that our aliens policy is administered, on the whole, in a liberal and generous way; but it is also true, as Mr Paget said in the Commons last week, that some cruelly unjust decisions refusing asylum, not to say some ill-considered deportations, are enforced from time to time – because they do not happen to come under the notice of any member of parliament. The Expiring Laws Continuance Acts afford an annual chance for members to voice their general displeasure about the structure of the Aliens Act, which requires their blessing from year to year, and to demand, as they unfailingly do, that the procedure be brought within their direct control and not based on an Order in Council (at present the Aliens Order, 1953) which the House has never debated and cannot amend. Replying to the debate on Mr Paget's amendment, Mr David Renton did not deal with the proposal to establish a right of appeal, though, as Mr Silverman had pointed out, such a right is freely exercised in the United States. It might have been thought that the Home Office would welcome such a means of handing on what must often be a painful responsibility – even though the problem is politically simpler here than that, for example, which would face the High Commissioner for Basutoland if Mrs Mafekeng's arrival from Cape Province were followed by a stream of refugees. These are all decisions which ought not to rest with a single officer of state.

Setback for Industrial Medicine

The National Health Service's most hopeful venture in industrial medicine is in danger because of a government decision not to give it further support. The Occupational Health Unit at Central Middlesex Hospital has developed a service for the many factories in the hospital's area, undertaking preventive work, treating industrial injuries, co-ordinating the facilities of small firms, and studying the many problems of occupational health. The regional hospital board started the scheme three years ago, the Nuffield Foundation having agreed to meet the cost for this initial period. There was never any doubt that after the trial period the board would take financial responsibility for its further work. This the board still wishes to do, but it has been told by the Minister that it cannot operate the unit because financial support for non-clinical work is outside the scope of the hospital service – a technical ground not apparently known to the Ministers of Health and Labour when they gave the scheme their blessing three years ago. The cost is only £6,000 a year, and it is impossible to believe that this cannot be made available if the government wish it. Should the 1946 Act really be an obstacle to such worth-while ventures it could in any event be amended.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Musical Chairs

With an itinerary of 11 countries in 19 days, including time to call on the Pope, visit the Taj Mahal, address the Indian parliament, attend an agricultural fair, and take part in the Paris conference of western leaders, President Eisenhower can hardly be expected to settle complex diplomatic tangles along the way. The most that seems to be hoped for is that he will ease the Italians' resentment over being left out of the Summit meeting, dramatise American moral support for India in the face of Chinese belligerence, indirectly encourage resistance to Communist pressure along an African-Asian belt from Morocco to Afghanistan, and gently retouch an image of American leadership that has lost some of its colour in the past few years.

While the President's travel plans have evoked mild praise in the press and good wishes on all sides, they have also, and inevitably, stirred up speculation of a domestic political sort. If the trip is to be another symbolic pilgrimage, trailing pink clouds of good will but deferring hard decisions, the effect at home will be to leave the Republican Party the preserver of the peace without its having had to take the risks that normally go with peace-making.

The realisation that the Administration has turned to political advantage the easing of international tensions has already exasperated some leading Democrats, or at least put them in the position of muttering about sour grapes. Indeed, the top layer of the party is seriously divided on the whole subject of smoothing relations with the Soviet Union, and ironically it is Dean Acheson, once the prime target of the McCarthyites, who calls the plays for the let's-stay-tough faction. When Eisenhower indicated that not even Berlin was beyond all possibility of negotiation, Acheson announced: 'I would tell Mr Krushchev I would not discuss Berlin . . . The present occupation status is quite satisfactory. It is quite adequate – leave it alone.'

More influential than Acheson, and every bit as uncompromising, ex-President Truman is even opposed to having Mr Eisenhower go to Moscow in the spring, is for immediately lifting this country's self-imposed ban on nuclear testing, and thinks it 'all to the good' that France is about to join the ranks of the atomic powers. In the circumstances it is not surprising that Acheson has won kind words in quarters of the press that have long concealed an affection for him, or that Truman has been all but disowned by the New York *Post*, which has strung along with him over the years, though at times with more embarrassment than enthusiasm. 'As Mr Truman's blasts grow steadily more reckless, dogmatic, and bellicose, we wonder whether he will grow up to be the Herbert Hoover of his party,' runs a recent editorial. 'It took the GOP 20 years to convince the country that it should not forever be judged by the words and deeds of its ex-President.'

Fortunately other leading Democrats, especially those prominently mentioned as presidential possibilities, show no willingness to be manoeuvred into championing cold war as a permanent way of life. On nuclear testing and other areas of possible agreement, both Senators Humphrey and Kennedy have resisted the temptation to become more inflexible as the Administration becomes less so. And the same can be said of Adlai Stevenson. Beneath the surface of personal rivalries this is what separates their candidacies from those of Stuart Symington and Lyndon Johnson.

Within the Republican Party, there are strong indications that Governor Rockefeller is falling victim to this same game of musical chairs that is so often a feature of presidential years. Has Nixon made political hay out of his running dialogue with Krushchev? Then Rockefeller must be cool toward all such intercourse. Is Nixon involved in the Administration decision to stop nuclear testing? Then Rockefeller, like Truman, is for getting on with underground explosions. After all, his strategists appear to be telling him, Dewey was a 'me too' candidate and look what happened to him.

ROBERT BENDINER

Melbourne

Guided Democracy

A Correspondent writes: Well before he arrived in Australia to take part in the Australian and New Zealand Congress for International Co-operation and Disarmament, Mr J. B. Priestley had to begin signalling ahead that he is no Communist. By the time he reached Melbourne, Mr Priestley and his distinguished fellow-guests discovered that they would have to keep on repeating that they were not Communists, fellow travellers, or dupes.

It was Foreign Minister Casey who first ran a political geiger-counter over the Congress. Months ago, he warned that the Congress would be reeking with ideological fallout and that the best – the only – way for decent citizens to avoid contamination would be to boycott the meetings. Later, while Mr Casey was abroad, Sir Garfield Barwick, his stand-in, divulged that Brigadier Spry, Director-General of the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation, had amassed much information relevant to the Congress about the wiles of the Australian Communists and had been publicly calling on various sponsors of the Congress to share with them his secret and official intelligence.

The distinguished overseas visitors arrived in this atmosphere of (to them) political confusion, and then had to undertake the considerable research necessary to discover which of their fellow-sponsors of the Congress were still in the Congress, which had withdrawn from it, and which were floating somewhere in between. There was no doubt that Professor Stout, head of the Department of Moral Philosophy at Sydney University, had, after receiving a lecture in Moral Philosophy from Brigadier Spry, withdrawn as a sponsor. But the case of Professor Sir Mark Oliphant, head of the Research School of Physical Sciences at Canberra, was much more baffling. In the *Melbourne Herald* of 26 October appeared a 12-inch letter from Sir Mark and it was headlined: DON'T BOYCOTT CONGRESS. In it Sir Mark made an impassioned plea to the public to rally round and help make the Congress a success. The very next day the *Herald's* headline, across six columns, was: OLIPHANT QUITS PEACE CONGRESS. Again Sir Mark provided the formula for his withdrawal. In the event, he did speak at the Congress, and during his address on disarmament, he said: 'This Congress has been worthwhile, whoever organised it.' By this time, the state of mind of the distinguished visitors can well have been imagined.

But the Red-spotters did not leave everything to the Security Police and chance. They also organised a freedom rally to coincide with the opening of the Congress, to which they imported Mr Ku Cheng-kang from Formosa, chairman of the Asian People's Anti-Communist League. Mr Ku justified his invitation by urging Mr Priestley to 'stick to fiction and not dabble in South-East Asian affairs'. As an example of what he meant by non-fiction, Mr Ku told his listeners that Formosa was the bulwark of the Free World, that recognition of China would prove fatal to the West, and that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek would shortly be invading the mainland.

The distinguished visitors, despite the hostility of officialdom and the press, will surely have been warmed by the enthusiastic reception of the thousands of Australians who went to hear them speak – evidence that (in Professor Linus Pauling's words) while 'Australia's recovery from the witch-hunting phase seems to have been delayed', ordinary Australians are not taking kindly to 'guided democracy'.

Westminster

They're Off!

My betting is restricted to such matters as Huddersfield Town, which is bravado not betting; so I approach the government's Betting and Gaming Bill on terms of ignorance equal to those of most members of the Cabinet. This ignorance was appreciably deepened by Mr David Renton, an Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office. The absence of 250 MPs from the division lobby may be explained by an inclination to go to the pictures when the Whips are off; but it could equally well mean that, after two days of clarification, bewilderment remained.

The real difficulty lay in Part One of the Bill, with its proposals to establish betting shops. Mr Butler had the majority with him when he said that the old laws, permitting credit betting on the telephone but prohibiting cash betting, were unfair and unenforceable. But his plan to legalise cash betting in special shops was roughly handled by nearly everyone. For one thing, although he had stated amid loud cheers that the British public was now adult and could be trusted not to squander the whole of its old age pension on the 2.30, he proposed to make his betting shops as unattractive as possible. There would be no television, no cards showing starting prices, no information of any kind; indeed the shops – incredible this – might even be shut during racing hours. Yes, said Butler, switching on his wintry liberal smile, proprietors, despite the recommendation of the Royal Commission, would be allowed to furnish their shop with a couple of chairs, presumably to allow those few who pick winners to recover from the shock. But otherwise it was to be 'pay your money and get out'. No loitering. No gossip. No fun.

Some 20 members from both sides of the House patiently explained to Butler that, in such circumstances, alongside the betting shop opened by Mr William Hill, Mr Charles Forte would open one of his bright little restaurants, complete with television, starting prices and all, with a continuous to-ing and fro-ing of customers; or alternatively the ordinary punter, instead of walking half a mile or so to one of Butler's morgues, would continue as hitherto to patronise the street bookie whom Butler wanted to suppress.

This point brings up the most puzzling aspect of the whole business—why does officialdom think that there is something wrong about street bookies? As the debate wore on, the assumption, unsupported by evidence, was increasingly challenged. Members like Mr Bob Mellish, who know about everyday betting from practical experience and don't have to read it up in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, weighed in so powerfully that even Mr Vosper, winding up for the government, had to abandon the essay he had written overnight and deal with the points which had actually been raised in the debate. At the end of the two days, it was clear that the government's major proposal had been shot to pieces and that licensing of street bookies was likely to take its place, which shows, in a small way, what the House of Commons can do when it likes. What is still bewildering me is why we don't do it more often.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Persecution

A letter beginning somewhat dramatically 'My wife and I have been persecuted by the *Daily Express* since we got married', has led me this week into a brief exploration of that hot-house section of modern journalism: the gossip column. Gossip writing seems to me a trade which no one capable of earning an honest living in any other way would willingly follow. In this I am clearly mistaken. I am assured that on the contrary Fleet Street is cluttered up with young men from the older universities and young women from fashionable finishing schools desperate for a chance to get their foot in the first rung up the ladder of success by retailing tittle-tattle about their friends. Gossip writing has become one of the most flourishing of all the sub-industries of the great industry of the press.

What must most strike the occasional visitor, like myself, to this world of Paul Slickey is the incredible dreariness and boredom of it all. Increasingly the gossip features seem to rotate in an empty world of their own, peopled by shadowy and basically uninteresting people who would scarcely rate a three-line paragraph on any other page, whatever happened to them. As I read through these features, I find myself continually invited to take note of the activities of people of whose names I have never previously heard and who seem so far as I can discover to have done nothing to justify five seconds' interest on the part of any intelligent person. Readers of Mr Evelyn Waugh will remember Adam Fenwick-Symes in *Vile Bodies* who, hitting upon the great truth that many people did not really mind whom they read about, provided that a kind of vicarious inquisitiveness into the lives of others was satisfied, was able for a precarious but glittering period to earn a satisfying livelihood by peopling a gossip feature with completely fictitious characters who satisfied, in a way no real person could, the longing to be in the know of the readers of Lord Monomark's *Daily Excess*.

The modern gossip column, alas, is less innocent. The characters featured with routine regularity in its cast are rarely wholly invented. They are merely fictionalised to make them fit their parts as types in a serial story. It can, however, sometimes be hard on those picked by the gossip writer to play their parts in these tawdry myths. Once elected to the cast, willingly or unwillingly, no mercy can be shown them. Everything they do must be made to conform to the label pinned on them by the producer; they must be allowed no private lives. This in fact is what has happened to the writer of the letter I quoted – a young man called Jeremy Sandford, who married nearly three years ago Nell Dunn, the granddaughter of Sir James Dunn, well-known in his day as one of Canada's industrial millionaires. Mr Sandford is a writer who has had a number of radio plays of merit produced by the BBC; but, having 'married an heiress', he and his wife have also become type figures for the gossip columnists – and particularly for William Hickey of the *Daily Express*. To go through the serial story the *Express* has written about them is to be given a remarkable glimpse of the standards that rule in the gossip world. Mr Sandford alleges that on several occasions gossip reporters have badgered his wife with the demand that she should comment on completely untrue stories that her marriage was breaking up, and that on two occasions he has had to call in the police to stop reporters pestering them. Over the last two or three years, a succession of stories have been promoted – often inoffensive in themselves although irritating – which have brought them to the state where they are almost afraid to open the *Express* for fear of finding some fresh silly story of one kind or another splashed across the William Hickey page. When they moved a short time ago to a house in what could be described as a working district in Battersea, the excitement of the *Express* could hardly be contained. They had, it announced, put in a pink bath – pink has apparently when linked to baths some symbolic meaning for writers of the Hickey column – although in fact their bath is white. Their neighbours have been badgered for gossip about them and, so it is alleged, offered money to allow photographers to get through the back to take photographs. It is perhaps not surprising that following this publicity the Sandford's house was burgled, making another streamer heading and two photographs for William Hickey. Not only do the Sandfords have to have, for gossip purposes, a pink bath, but Jeremy Sandford must always be described – quite incorrectly – as a 'surrealist writer' – this being apparently another emotive word in the Hickey office.

Whether all this amounts to persecution as the Sandfords have persuaded themselves is perhaps questionable. I have read through the succession of stories and must say that the total impression to anyone who did not know the facts would, almost inevitably, be one of triviality and uselessness. But whether this is an impression deliberately created or merely a reflection of the values and standards of the Hickey writers themselves I would not like to say.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Baited Trap

WITHIN the next few days the Labour Party must decide whether to participate in the Monckton Commission which is to investigate the constitutional problems of Central Africa. The importance of the decision is obvious. Mr Macmillan and Mr Macleod are eager to inveigle Labour representatives on to the Commission: they urgently need to give some clothing of respectability to a body which would otherwise be totally discredited among representative African opinion and they may also see (conversely but not quite inconsistently) the possibility of damaging the Labour Party's standing in Africa. Mr Gaitskell and Mr Callaghan, on the other hand, properly anxious to take a constructive attitude towards Africa, must decide whether joining the Commission will be simply to walk into the government's trap or whether they can participate in such a way as to avoid the trap and actually further the cause of African freedom.

In this dilemma the Labour leaders have been seeking to establish the conditions on which they might bargain their collaboration in the work of the Commission; and for some weeks now there have been private exchanges between the Prime Minister and Mr Gaitskell – the negotiations, in effect, for a deal in which each is trying to outmanœuvre the other. The Labour Party should beware of these negotiations. The desire to strike a bargain may be sensible enough. But secret horse-trading and informal assurances are highly dangerous. The Labour Party attitude, which is based on principle, should be publicly struck. Let us see what they are sticking out for, and let them compel the Prime Minister to give his assurances formally and in public.

It is easy to overrate the importance of the opportunity Labour is being offered. Public attention is focused on Nyasaland, and naturally the Labour Party is concerned to exploit its bargaining position as best it can to hasten the release of Dr Banda and the end of the emergency. It is right also to insist that the terms of reference must permit the Commission both to recommend a constitutional alternative to federation and to issue a minority report. But none of these possible conditions for Labour collaboration, important though they are, is fundamental and none of them would justify the Labour Party in identifying itself by implication with government policy in Central Africa. As the Monckton Commission is at present constituted, its members are appointed both by the British government and by the federal government. But not by the African National Congress or any other African body. Yet if there is to be any reality at all in the Commission, it must pass judgment impartially on the attitudes and claims of both the federal government and the Congress. A commission set up by one party to a dispute in order to judge its claim against the other cannot be seen to do justice; and no amount of bargaining about the details can outweigh this fundamental defect. In our view, those African experts in the Labour party who insist that the price of collaboration with the government must be a UK Parliamentary Commission, beholden neither to the African Congress nor to the federal authorities, have gone to the root of the matter.

The decision is not easy; and the Labour Party may understandably be tempted at this moment to attach less weight to this fundamental consideration than to short-term objectives inside Nyasaland. No doubt a good deal of African opinion would support this line: to Africans, in fact, Dr Banda is more important than the Labour Party. But we believe that Labour would be wise to take the longer view and that in the long run the party would be politically rewarded for doing so.

Whichever way it decides, however, for heaven's sake let the negotiations be brought out into the light of day, so that everybody may see exactly what is at issue. To offer such crafty political tacticians as Mr Macmillan and Mr Macleod the chance of baiting their trap in secret is to give them an unnecessary advantage which Mr Gaitskell simply cannot afford to concede.

Poincaré Rides Again

THE leaders of the Fourth Republic were too immersed in the parliamentary dogfight to provide the French public with bread and circuses. Only when, for example, the Queen of England paid a visit was some sort of show put on – and this was, as it were, accidental, a concession to the habits of a foreign court rather than a reflection *of la grandeur française*. With de Gaulle, all this has changed. Last Tuesday, three hours after his press conference, the General-President of the Republic attended the most spectacular gala performance at the Opera ever held in the history of modern France. Everything had been assembled to astonish the mob: Republican Guards with gleaming swords, candelabras, fanfares, full evening dress, M. Malraux waiting on the staircase, ministers, generals, diplomats (and a few models, scattered through the audience). On stage, *Carmen* was performed against a spectacular décor, with a cast that included 40 live horses and a monkey.

Unfortunately, while the Gaullist scribes compared the evening with the great days of Versailles and the empire, small-minded music critics were pointing out that an operatic performance should not be judged by the number of horses on stage. At the same time, opposition leader-writers, commenting on the cost of this production, reminded readers that the Opera's stage-hands were still underpaid and threatening to strike. Here, again, was the old paradox of the Gaullist regime: it does not lack ambition and display – merely the resources to give them real meaning.

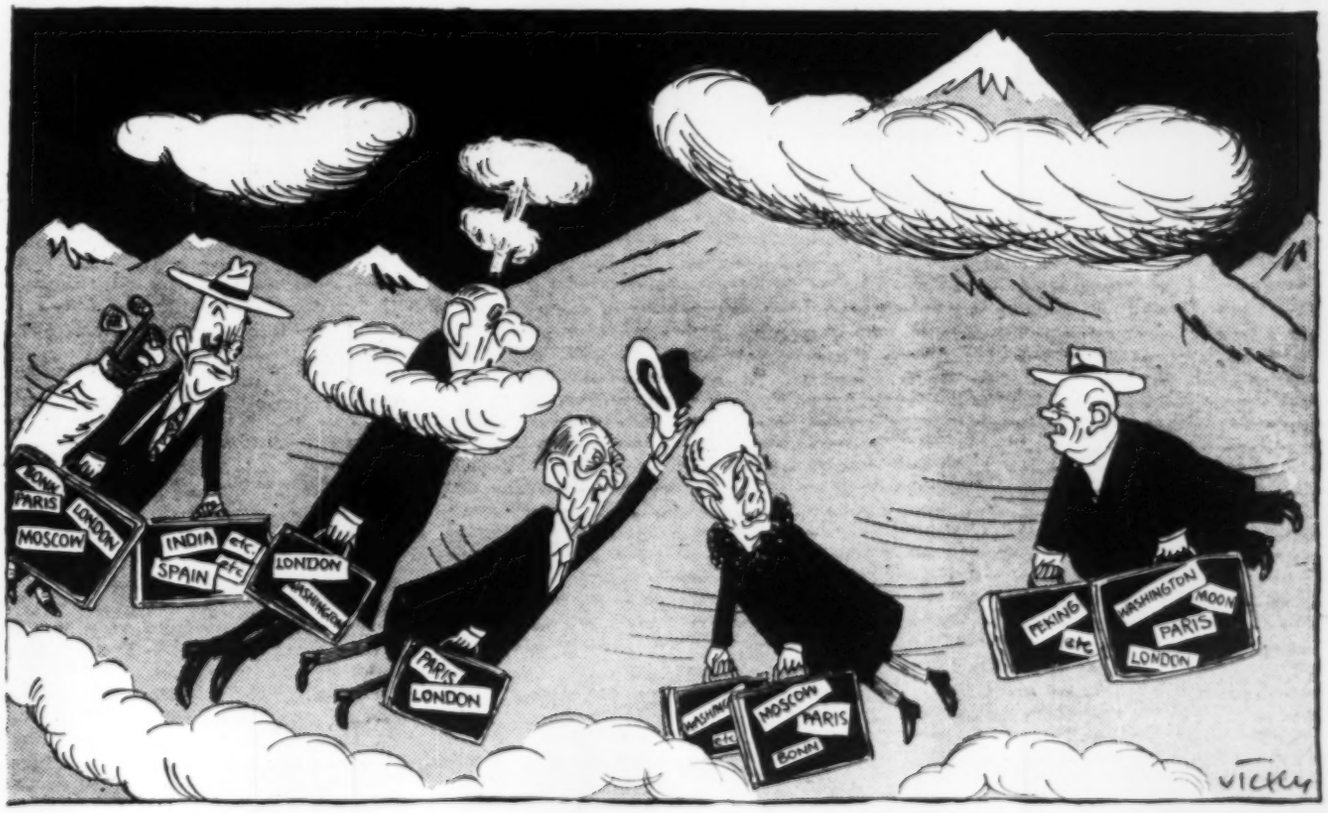
De Gaulle's world philosophy is simple: France carries responsibilities which stretch far beyond her frontiers and even Europe. Her actions can influence the peace, stability and future of the world. When Washington announced the news of the Krushchev visit early in August, M. Debré made what was widely regarded as an irresponsible speech: France and Europe, he said, risked being 'pulverised' by an agreement between the two giants. Most leader-writers assumed Debré was speaking only for himself: 'One gets the impression,' wrote one of them, 'that M. Michel Debré's Sunday speeches were designed to remind us of what the government of France risks becoming if the President of the Republic did not exist'. Indeed, a few weeks later, General de Gaulle and President Eisenhower had a most amiable meeting in Paris, and no more was heard of the Soviet-American menace to France and Europe. Then, last Tuesday, speaking of the French A-bomb, de Gaulle let slip a few remarks which showed that Debré had not invented the word 'pulverised' and that his August speech was a faithful reflection of the General's thinking. Why did France need the Bomb? 'Who can say whether in the future the powers which have the monopoly of nuclear arms will not come to an agreement to share the world? Who can say whether, in a certain situation, while agreeing not to launch their weapons against each other's territories, the two rivals might not destroy everyone else?'

These words should be read carefully, for they contain the key to what de Gaulle calls 'France's global responsibilities'. In Britain, the supporters of the bomb claim that its possession will increase London's influence on the White House. De Gaulle goes further: thanks to her bomb, France will be the arbiter of the two blocs, she will inhibit Russia and the US from dividing up the world, and will prevent Europe from being 'pulverised' by them. The *politique de la grandeur* is, therefore, to make France (backed eventually by Germany) the guarantor of world stability, as she was in the time of Louis XIV and the empire. It is, however, easier to organise spectacles at the Opera than to act as a great power without the material means.

All the same, some commentators here point out that de Gaulle's outdated historical conceptions, his personal and national megalomania are backed by a very real talent at negotiating and a gift for exploiting every diplomatic advantage. Raymond Aron remarks, justly: 'On the world stage, across the centuries, greatness has never been divorced from power'; but the history of the Second World War shows the success with which de Gaulle, by sheer obstinacy, protected French interests when his military forces were negligible. It would be a mistake to dismiss the General's pretensions simply because France has only two skeleton divisions in Europe and a nominal nuclear potential.

By adopting, on the eve of a series of vital international talks, a quasi-neutralist position, de Gaulle is well placed to win tricks from both the US and Russia. When, next month, he talks to Eisenhower and Macmillan, he can strengthen his hand by discreet hints about his coming meeting with Krushchev (Franco-Russian friendship has as long a history as the alliance with the Anglo-Saxon powers, etc.); and, when talking to Krushchev, he can point out that the Bonn-Paris axis is capable of torpedoing any attempt at an East-West settlement. There are risks, of course, in taking such a line but, should de Gaulle judge them acceptable, he has the qualities needed to carry it through.

Naturally, the weakness in this strategy is Algeria. The claims to 'global responsibilities'



'Ah, Herr Macmillan, to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive'

collapse like a house of cards once de Gaulle is forced to negotiate with Eisenhower, Krushchev and even Mr Hammarskjold about the Algerian debate at the UN, and once one takes into consideration the political and material aid which either of the great powers can give the FLN. De Gaulle knows that his international position is vulnerable so long as the Algerian War goes on, and that in itself is sufficient reason for ending it before the Summit. But how? Most people agree with the principle of self-determination, which de Gaulle has conceded; even the Communist Party, which initially treated the General's proposals with reserve, has swung round since Krushchev described them as 'realistic'. The FLN, too, accept them as a basis of negotiation; but it is precisely at this point that the difficulties begin. Before coming to Paris, the Algerian leaders insist not only on assurances about their personal security but also on clarifications of the General's enigmatic statement. What guarantees will he give them about freedom of speech and political organisation in the pre-referendum period, and the manner in which the vote itself will be conducted? Is de Gaulle really prepared to take the risk of losing Algeria, if the vote should go with the FLN?

The FLN's insistence on answers to these questions does not spring from their persecution complex. De Gaulle is much more intelligent than Messrs Bidault, Soustelle and Debré, and he realises that the only way to keep Africa is to recognise its right of independence; indeed, he believes he is capable of persuading the ex-colonial peoples not to assert it. His attitude to Sekou Touré is significant in this respect. The General knows that the referendum in Guinea, as elsewhere, was organised by France, and that its result had nothing to do with the totalitarian methods of Guinea's sole genuine party (other African colonies which voted to remain in the French Union also have single-party systems). He also knows that Touré is not a Communist puppet in a Soviet scheme to dominate Africa. Why, then, did he show such animosity towards a man who, at that very moment, was being royally entertained by the US and British governments? Because Touré had made use of the right which, in the General's opinion, should remain a dead letter. The Algerian leaders, therefore, read this section of the General's press conference with great attention. They do not possess the power of Messrs Eisenhower and Krushchev, and they cannot afford a *rendez-vous manqué* with a man who speaks as if his head were in the clouds, but whose feet are often very firmly planted on the ground.

K. S. KAROL

The Time of the Leaflet

IN the morning they dropped troops by parachute. The first to land, there above Luanda on the hard brown soil, was a regimental padre, Captain Father Martins: a trifle eager for a priest, one might think, but after all it was only a demonstration. Then came the bombing and the target firing and the fanfares of a grand parade, 'agile and athletic, in the German style', as the *Comércio de Angola* trilled in a long cascade of reportorial magnificence and joy. In this way, and no less, was the Portuguese 'Army of the Air' installed last April in the Portuguese colony of Angola.

And why? In the evening there was a banquet. After the booming of the guns the booming of the speeches. 'The air force,' declared the Governor-General, 'is not here to make war. . . Peace in our time is possible only when states can wield enough force to confront the threat of agitators and mischief-makers, inspired as they generally are by Communism in its darkest guise. . . . We are living in the time of the leaflet . . . . The leaflet has appeared in Angola. . .'

Last April: the occasion, you may grumble, is rather stale. But it is not so easy to extract the news from Portuguese Africa. Only of late has it become quite certain that last winter's upheaval in the Belgian Congo had its immediate effect across the frontier in Angola: on the Africans but also on the Portuguese. It is easy to see why. Stirrings in favour of independence for the Congo have been strongest among the Bakongo people of the south-west – among those Bakongo, that is, who have since proclaimed their wish to resurrect the old African state of the Mani-Congo, discovered for Europe by Diego Cao in 1483. Now the 'kingdom' of the Mani-Congo, one of the outstanding administrative achievements of Iron Age Africa, held power over all the regions of the Congo mouth. These regions fell into Portuguese hands, where, for the most part, they still remain. So did the old Mani-Congo capital, Mbanza Congo or Sao Salvador, a small ruin slumbering in the bush but unforgotten by the children of its distant builders. Hard on the heels of the Léopoldville disaster of last February came news of Belgian willingness to consider political change. Small wonder that it brought new hope to the Congo peoples of Angola as well as to those of the Belgian colony.

The news seems to have provoked something like a panic among Portuguese officials. They began arresting African suspects in March. Another large wave of arrests is reported for July – this time involving 150 people for the city of Luanda alone. Among those now said to be lying in Luanda gaol are Africans well known in the country, *assimilados* in whom the Portuguese have theoretically seen their best allies, men like Vieira Dias, director of a dance troupe called *Ngola Ritmo*, Gabriel Pereira, Higino Aires. . . . One of Angola's few acknowledged African intellectuals, Ilidio Machado, was seized in Lisbon at about the same time. Another, Catuto Fernandes, was arrested in Madeira. The precise charges, needless to say, are not available; but all these people were put in prison for suspected complicity in agitation for political change.

How many Portuguese have suffered the same fate is unknown, at any rate to me. Probably very few. Not because there would be few Portuguese to sympathise – in Mozambique as in Angola – with a movement designed to undermine the Salazarist dictatorship; but because there is little contact, as yet, between the Portuguese opposition and those who lead (or are suspected of leading) the Africans of Portuguese Africa. Mutual confidence between opposition-minded Portuguese and such organised African nationalism as may begin to exist here will probably fail until the leaders of the opposition declare forthrightly for African advancement. These leaders, who are due to visit London next week, have so far said nothing. But they include men like Henrique Galvao who know the African situation and from whom, it seems, a declaration in favour of big political change in the Portuguese colonies may shortly be expected.

The great difficulty for politically-minded Africans in these colonies – and this will become a difficulty for the post-Salazarist Portuguese as well – is that repression has been so severe and stupid as to have prevented any normal political growth from reaching self-confidence and maturity. (A fresh outbreak of tribal riots, next door in the Belgian Congo, has just given new force to the same point.) The more one uncovers the nature of this repression, the worse it looks. Police and prisons are bad enough. Both in Mozambique and in Angola they have had, and still have, a brutal liberty of action and a bottomless capacity for causing sorrow and despair. Worse, though, is the nature of the Portuguese colonial system, relying as it does on a pitiless and at times all-embracing use of forced labour.

I had a look at Angola in 1954, and came to the conclusion that forced labour was the flywheel of the system. Nothing that has come to light in the past five years has caused me to modify this conclusion in any way. On the contrary. Today it is clear that Mozambique, on the other side of Africa, is in no better case. The only difference seems to be that forced workers in Angola are called *contratados*, but *shibalos* in Mozambique. 'Despite the repeated declarations of its illegality,' writes a Columbia University anthropologist, Professor Marvin Harris, in a recent description of Mozambique, (*A First-Hand Report on Labor and Education in Mozambique*, by Marvin Harris: New York, American Committee on Africa), 'the system whereby *shibalos* are conscripted by private, non-governmental recruiters today probably furnishes as many workers to private employers as it did 30 years ago.' He explains the system, no different from that in Angola:

> . . . the underpaid administrative personnel are under strong pressure to reach an understanding with the private recruiters who operate in every district. There are several methods by which an administrator can furnish the requested labourers without appearing to break the law, and the widespread complicity of the tribal chiefs makes it easy to round up recruits. . . . The chieftains and their police raid the homesteads, overlooking only those who have been liberal in paying tributary taxes. Arriving at an administrative centre, the captives are introduced as 'volunteers' and the recruiter signs them up. . . .

The chieftains, of course, are themselves captive to the system or corrupted by it. In theory the laws abound with 'protective clauses': in practice these are nugatory. In Mozambique as in Angola, every adult male African must be able to show that he has worked for six months in the previous year (and paid his taxes). Otherwise he is at once and automatically liable to labour conscription. Abuses apart, this is the legal instrument that bludgeons hundreds of thousands of Africans into yearly servitude. 'The net result of the legal definition of idleness, and of the *shibalo* system which is its inseparable companion,' notes Professor Harris (and it is no different in Angola)

> is to force not merely 100,000 workers, but the overwhelming majority of Mozambique's African males, to participate in the European economy on terms which are deeply injurious to native welfare, but highly lucrative for the Europeans. . . .
>
> It can be said with absolute certainty . . . that

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books

An enlarged issue

less than 5 per cent. of the mature, able-bodied males in southern Mozambique are legally entitled to remain within the confines of their homesteads. Of the remaining 95 per cent., the more fortunate find employment in the urban centres, while the less fortunate are either caught by the *shibalo* hunters or driven from their homes into the arms of foreign recruiters. . . .

Apologists for Salazar argue that all this is much exaggerated, and that improvements, in any case, are on the way. As to exaggeration, the argument is a bare-faced lie: the few honest reporters who have been in the Portuguese African colonies these last years have been careful – for credibility's sake – to understate the truth rather than paint its full and gruesome reality. That is as true for Mr John Gunther as for Professor Harris. As to improvements, the system cannot really be modified or alleviated, since it underlies every major economic activity. It can only be changed by something like a revolution in economic and social practice.

Against the iron frustration of this system the roots of a new African consciousness, now manifest in many ways besides 'the leaflet', win bitter nourishment. There is no legal or even half-legal tolerance for advancement. One or two Africans slip out to freedom; the rest guard their careful brooding silence. Or go to prison. They need – desperately, humanly – a sign from the outside world, the non-African world. They do not get it. All they get is the spectacle of the Salazarist state puffing out its pigeon-chest – a ludicrous spectacle for the outside world, no doubt, but grim enough for them – and declaring it will hang on to Portuguese Africa for the remainder of recorded time. Britain, France, Belgium may all move toward a reconciliation with the ideas of African equality. But not the Portugal of Salazar: not the boyo with the gun.

BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

DRAWING on his experience as a member of the 1945 government, John Freeman argued last week in this journal that the Labour Party could learn much from the Tory success in discrediting, during five years, a good and enthusiastic government with a large majority behind it. Part of this was done in the Commons where a High Command decided day-by-day tactics of opposition. The ablest of them sat on the front bench and frequently made life miserable for ministers. If it is said that their strategy and tactics included warm relations with Fleet Street, the reply is that, although Labour is less lucky here, its support in the daily press is not necessarily confined (as Herbert Morrison knew so well when he was leader of the LCC) to the *Daily Herald* and other formally Labour papers. For the rest, Labour does not lack actual and potential QCs. How could the talents of Wedgwood Benn, Mr Crossman and Woodrow Wyatt be better used than in hounding down ministers like so many stags at bay? Mr Gaitskell cannot unfortunately select the front bench purely on grounds of debating capacity; the regular front bench is still preserved for those who are most popular with the parliamentary party. As long as this system remains, he is not really able, even if he desires, to create a High Command. He has partly met John Freeman's point by arranging for backbenchers with expert knowledge of particular topics to sit on the front bench when their specialities are the subject of debate. This seems a step in the right direction. It could be window-dressing to conceal structural weakness, but it might be a move towards creating a Labour front bench which looks like an alternative government.

During this week's debate on the Betting and Gaming Bill, Mr Reginald Paget, unorthodox as ever, suggested that children should be allowed to gamble so that they might learn early on what a mug's game it is. He did not, however, tell the House of his own father's attempt to teach him this elementary lesson. Paget senior invited his son to play roulette on the family wheel, assuming that the son would soon realise how inevitably the banker comes out top. Paget, junior, however, noticed that the wheel and the ball were made of steel and that judicious use of a magnet attracted the ball into selected lots. The lesson was soon abandoned.

* * *

I have long advocated, as the only way out of the London traffic tangle, that the great majority of private cars should be forbidden to enter the West End during business hours unless specially licensed to do so – with labels presumably on the windscreens. Cars should be parked, as they were successfully during the railway strike, at suburban undergrounds and bus termini. Reports now have it that the new Minister of Transport will try a scheme of this sort for an experimental period from the beginning of December to the New Year. The result, I should prophesy, will be a sigh of relief as we find room to move inside London; there will also be a demand for an improved bus service.

* * *

I have comparatively little experience in travelling on London buses. I don't like waiting; I walk all I can, go by underground for long distances, and cabs when I am in a hurry. So I have usually dismissed the constant complaints about the discourtesy of bus drivers as part of the grumbling which is made inevitable by the miseries of overcrowded transport. But two recent conversations

Tory Rethink

suggest there really is something wrong. One was with an inspector who complained of gross underpayment and said, anyway, that the job had recently become a misery. The other was with a retired bus driver now, at 65, doing a part-time job. He said that it is not inevitable that all the number 11 buses arrive in a flock, that sometimes they dash past passengers vainly waiting in the rain, and that at other times they drive people mad by going slow. They were up to all sorts of fiddles, he said. Sometimes a driver would boast that he had managed to miss a complete journey during the day, and others would boast that they had successfully wangled some overtime. The officials were aware of the fiddles but could do nothing about them. People tell me that this decline in what is often called 'morale' dates from the last bus strike. But I see it primarily as a result of the exasperating conditions of London transport. Conductors, who once had a happy reputation for cockney wit, are also affected. The other day a working-class woman remarked to a rude conductor: 'I hope all bus conductors will soon be Negroes'.

* * *

A friend who has been driving on the M1 has been singing its praises to me. He finds the tarmac surface better than the concrete of the New Jersey turnpike, and the traffic, at least on a Thursday morning, very well-behaved. By day the countryside is attractive to the eye and at night the bridges and the large, blue signs with their lower-case lettering have a dramatic, if formalist, appeal. Travelling on it gives you very much the sense, he maintains, of being inside the new age. The carriageways might be further apart – night-time dazzle is something of a problem. The red lights marking the banks can sometimes be mistaken for rear lights of cars ahead (why not make them amber?). But on the whole he thinks a lot of nonsense has been talked about the first major contribution to modern motoring in this country. The question is whether, after the first intoxication is over, the crazy speed fiend who wants to drive at over 100 miles an hour will be automatically eliminated or whether it will be necessary to destroy the first purpose of such new motorways and impose a speed limit – as some suggest – of, say, 70 or 80 miles an hour.

* * *

When the American players first came to Wimbledon I heard it said that they made all previous tennis 'look like pat-ball'. I remembered this when I saw the Georgian dancers at the Albert Hall. Here is a vigour, a vitality and a spontaneity which, in the matter of 'peaceful competition', leaves us all standing. One just imagines what the Krushchevs thought of the Hollywood can-can! But one has to be careful here. This splendid athleticism has nothing to do with Communism; it belongs to a great Georgian tradition which goes back into Russian history. On the other hand, Obraztsov, the great Soviet puppeteer, has created something quite new. Various countries, including this one, have admirable puppeteers, but Obraztsov is a creative genius. I discovered, when he entertained me in his Moscow flat, which is full of Soviet folk art, that he genuinely loves England. I am delighted to see that he will be doing several recitals here next month – another example of the cultural interchange with the USSR which seems at last to have got going.

* * *

The agreeable custom of exchanging Christmas cards amongst friends becomes a bore when regarded as obligatory among acquaintances. For my part, I should let it die out were it not for a few firms and organisations which provide for my special tastes and interests. John Piper, for instance, has done some religious cards for Christian Action – an admirable body because it really does Christian actions in Africa and elsewhere. I don't happen to like John Piper's designs this year, but that should not put you off; tastes differ. Unicef, which is the one indubitably, constantly valuable UN agency all over the world, this year provides an even better set of cards than usual. Suitably, since Unicef deals with such evils as malaria, leprosy, trachoma and undernourishment amongst children in all parts of the world, the cards mainly show children having a good time with buffaloes in the Far East, donkeys in the Middle East and dogs and sleighs in the far North. If you are looking for beauty in cards I must recommend the series offered this year by Ganymed. Apart from good reproductions of the world's great pictures, there are the loveliest drawings from Dürer, who was commissioned with Kranach and others, by the Emperor Maximilian, to decorate a book of hours with marginal designs. They make fine Christmas gifts. Goethe, I'm told, saw these drawings in 1808 reproduced by the new lithograph technique, and said he was happy to have lived long enough to see them and would not exchange them for sheets of the same size covered with ducats.

* * *

The reading public's tastes remain staunchly predictable. If anyone doubts whether sex is still holding its own against war and royalty, here are the facts. Top-sellers in the bookshops last week (according to W. H. Smith's *Trade News*) were: 1. *Lolita*, 2. *Triumph in the West*, 3. *Queen Mary*.

CRITIC

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Provided that she exercises the greatest discretion in selection, Barnes Borough Librarian, Miss C. A. Crimp, has been authorised to buy suitable books published abroad and translated into English.—*Barnes Herald*. (Harry Martin.)

After the hearing Mrs Gamble said she had sent Butch to London to have psychiatric treatment for his inferiority complex. 'Mr Robert Horsfall, a dog psychiatrist of the Canine Defence League, says he can cure him of his bad habit which springs from an unfortunate experience in early life—he was bitten by a bigger dog.'—*The Guardian*. (E. N. Dewas.)

Mr Morley, amazed that Russia should regard Western beauty queen contests as decadent, said: 'If a girl can get £1,000 a week singing opera, why shouldn't a girl with a good figure cash in?'—*Daily Mail*. (H. W. Griffiths.)

The Duke of Northumberland, at present visiting Canada with the Duchess, is having a passenger lift installed in his home, Alnwick Castle, in Northumberland, during his absence. Says a member of his staff: 'Servants will be able to use the lift at the same time as their Graces—if they wish'.—*Sunday Express*. (Christine Greenfield.)

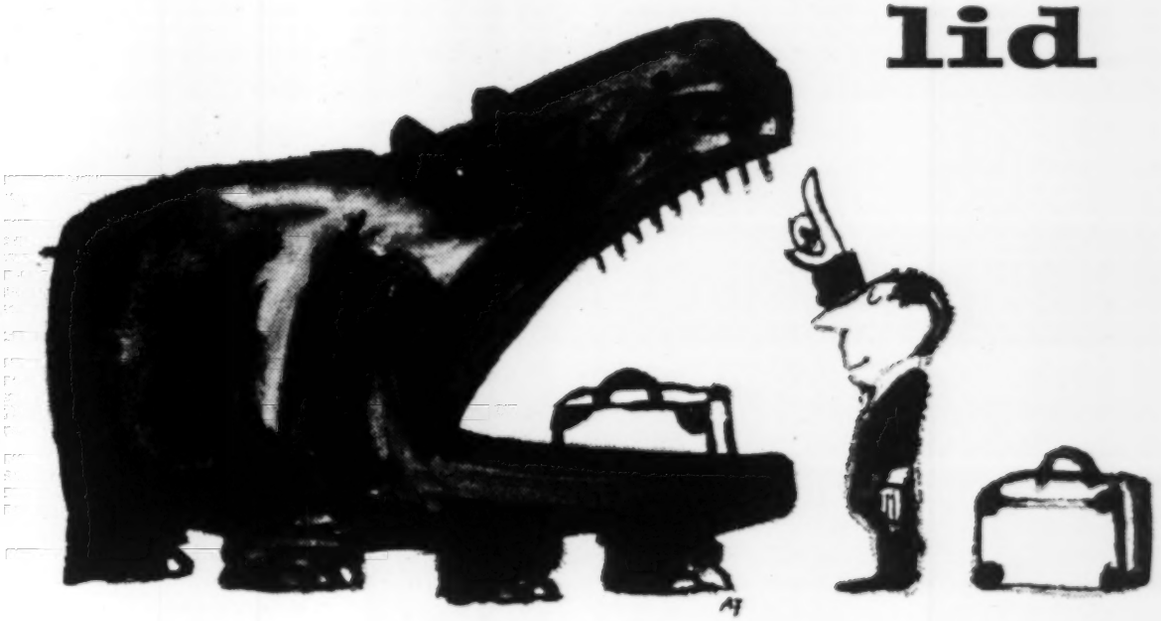
Valet required once or twice weekly, London area, to clean lady's hunting clothes. Only someone experienced in this specialised work considered.—Advert. in *Daily Telegraph*. (S. P. Lock.)

King Coal on Trial

THE proper ambition of any miner and anyone who cares about him is to see the last pit flooded and the last man come up into the sun and to a job in a clean, well-lighted place. The ritual of coal-cutting will join the Morris dance in a May Day ceremony and, I hope, the industry's tragedies and triumphs, its workers' courage and humour be eventually set down in some 21st-century *Mabinogion*. It is, after all, no life for any man. But in the meantime the miners are worried about pits closing and, in a flurry of delegations, are urging a new fuel policy on the government. In London this week there was a national conference and a powerful group of NUM leaders, Jones, Paynter, Moffat and Whitehead among them, paid a call on the new Minister of Power.

Coal is scarcely on its last legs. Capital expenditure since 1947 totals £900 million; 195 million tons are still produced and sold annually: there are still 653,000 men in the industry. The image is one of a crumbling giant being restored to health, even being made healthy for the first time, rather than one supported on crutches. For all that, the miners have cause for alarm. Stocks stand at 36 million tons. In the next few months, for various reasons, 46 pits are scheduled to close, and in the next five years perhaps another 150. In Scotland, Cumberland, Northumberland and Wales some unemployment is inevitable. Among the various reasons for closure are a pit's exhaustion, its being uneconomic, its having been a kind of holding unit for labour. If demand for coal hadn't fallen so sharply in the past 18 months – more oil being used, the recession, the long, hot summer – these pits might have survived. The miners are opposing the 'uneconomic' closures unless new jobs are provided, and are arguing that the government should, in effect, provide protection against the inroads oil is making on the coal market. It is here, on the question of protection, that heart-searching is necessary.

You lift lid



Bonnet lid, or boot? Boot!
Inside see spanner, jack. Old newspaper, gardening glove lurking.
Dead match, dead mouse, dead resolution. Alas.

Nobody looking . . . lift lid again.
Click, whoosh. Why so light? Why so smooth firm easy?
Counterpoised. Contra-balanced. Cantilevered. Spring assisted.
When up, up. When down, down.
When only half-way up, neither one nor tother.
Wilmot Breeden research. Clever.

Boots, boots, boots, boots, movin' up an' down again.

Be serious. When up, up. Kick, shout, bang with clenched fist . . . Stays up.
Cardinal virtue. When downing simple routine.
Lift and lower (telescopic support).
Or press and lower (spring-loaded hingery).
All types. All Wilmot Breeden. Click!

Some day, clear out boot. Must. Burn paper. Bury mouse.
Meanwhile thank Wilmot Breeden smooth, light, easy, not chop fingers.
Boot-supports. Boot locks, too. Bumpers. Door locks, mechanisms.
Window winders. Wilmot Breeden. Radiator grill, maybe? May well be.
Good.

Virtually every British car roads today some Wilmot Breeden components.
Oh, good. (Mem: bury mouse.)

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'Which side are you on?' is the refrain of that fine American coalfield ballad, *Harlan County*, and anyone of average intelligence brought up in or near a coalfield must inevitably be on the miners' side in any argument. Mining history is folklore. The struggles with the coal-owners, pitched battles with the police, that brilliant, bitter summer of '26, the terrible explosions, the gaiety of the villages, become the Agincourts, the Crimeas, the Pearl Harbours. No one can be brought up in this lore without being committed. As far as I'm concerned miners can never be paid enough.

But seeing coalmining as the most moving episode in what people with different passions like to call the island story is not perhaps a very helpful attitude in the industry's present predicament. That, as they say, is past history: the present is with realism, with the spirit of competition. Supporting the miners has come to seem a kind of conservatism. Even among people usually sympathetic a general feeling has grown up that oil and nuclear energy are the sources of power of our time, while coal, long a good and faithful servant, belongs to a cruder age. Obviously this is not simply a mystical concept, not just the brainwashed child of powerful lobbies, even if the lobbies are powerful in a way the coal lobby is not, there being no percentage in coal. Oil-firing is popular; national prestige genuinely surrounds the nuclear. So that when the NUM tries to persuade the government to space out the atomic energy programme a little more widely, to arrest the conversion to oil in the electricity business, to persuade the gas people to use more coal, it is bound to seem reactionary.

Mr Will Paynter, the new Communist general secretary of the union, won't have this. A little uncomfortable in the opulence of his Euston Road office – he moved there from the presidency of the South Wales miners in April – among the crimson leather chairs, the cream telephones, the expensive panelling, he argued that, in the first place, the competition from oil was in many ways unfair. Fuel oil is being dumped, is being sold at a price cheaper than its raw material. Imported oil is being encouraged at the expense of home coal. If society is facing a fundamental change in its sources of power, he suggests, then coal must be given a chance. The industry's direction cannot be switched without serious social and industrial consequences. The union is simply not going to stand for unemployment and will try to win TUC and Labour Party support for its attitude. This, he maintains, is not so much an industrial as a political question; the NCB are as much the victims of government policy as the unions. The government suggests that a 'free for all' policy is some kind of universal economic law, but doesn't take that attitude to agriculture, the aircraft industry, fishing, even the motor car industry. Their motives are political because oil is politics and power. The union's tactics in the coming struggle will, naturally, be influenced by the attitude of the Labour Party and the TUC, since any strike will be essentially a political strike in the new situation. Will Paynter, who is a very characteristic Rhondda miner, tough and humorous, believes that the men in coalfields like Yorkshire and the East Midlands are solidly in sympathy with the miners likely to be put out of work.

No one in his senses wants to see such a strike, but short of a strike there is plenty of room for demands on loyalties, and as far as my loyalty goes there is enough good sense in the miners' case to decide which side to be on. Granted the NCB needs to shake itself up a little and get on with its research, granted that some mines certainly need to close to increase efficiency, it seems to me the miners are right to find the government's (and its apologists') glib notions of competition and realism bogus. They are also right to resist any unemployment without new industries being built in the areas affected. The prospect of vigorous communities declining in the cause of free enterprise is a dismal one, one which you would have thought the country would have grown out of by now. Naturally the complex problems of the industry aren't reducible simply to the movement of miners from dead hill villages to the outskirts of Dagenham or Smethwick, but this is part of it. The country is scarcely so poor that it can tolerate this movement, even go so far as to encourage it. You don't have to be a reactionary reaching for your revolver every time you hear the word closure to believe that at the heart of the demand for efficiency made on the right lies often a profound lack of concern for the men and women involved and a cynical view of the kind of society most of us have to live in.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Out Monday

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Making the Best of Brighton

IF you make the *mostest* most of living in Brighton you'll certainly have a gay few days before you collapse, that is, if you're a teenager. For if there's one thing better than being a Teenager in Love, it's being a teenager in Brighton. If London is the City of Spades, Brighton is the teenage town. There are numerous cinemas with adequate snogging facilities, pubs that are tolerant of under eighteenish types (so long as they aren't actually in short trousers), and, above all, there are innumerable coffee bars, each with a character of its own. The great virtue of the coffee bar as an institution is that you can buy a coffee and then stay as long as you like. Indeed, in the ones where more money is obtained by way of a juke box than by selling coffee and brown sugar, you can get away with ordering a glass of water, or, if accompanied, nothing at all.

The coffee bar is certainly not the reserve of the Teddy Boy. Indeed, the Teddy Boy is no longer typical of teenagers in Brighton. Most of the Teds are aged 18 to 24, and the newer generation of teenagers aren't following in their footsteps. Anyway, what I'm trying to lead up to is that in Brighton there is no wide gulf between the Ted type and the Sixth-form type; they merge gradually, and many interesting characters can be found in the intermediary stage. All of these make the most of living in Brighton.

Brighton teenagers start young and end late, the starting young applying more to the girls and the ending late to the boys. It is not unusual for a girl of 13 to go with a boy of 18, or a girl of 15 to go with a boy of 24, but in either case the girl may have lied about her age (and the boy about his intentions). Among the boys, the 16-plus group often forsake the coffee bars for places which serve beer and cider, and they prefer hotel lounges and beach pubs to working-class pubs. It is a study in contrasts to see teenage boys among the paunchy middle-aged businessmen in the hotel lounges.

Another good place to go in Brighton is on the piers, and in my opinion the West Pier isn't the worst pier. In summer, talent contests are held there, and many teenagers are persuaded against their better judgment to enter for them, with the hope of lolly as an additional incentive. I once almost let myself be persuaded to enter as a calypso singer; but reason asserted itself, and I threw the girl over. Picture, then, the cafeteria on a Contest Night, with all the friends of the victims in little gangs seated around the stage, all wishing the orchestra would stop so they could have the equal pleasure of seeing their friend making a fool of herself or winning a large sum of shareable money. Not all the gangs know each other, but at least one member of each group knows one member of another group, so the entire teenage tribe in Brighton is linked. Three girls are going to sing, one of 20, one of 13 and one of 14 – both these pretending to be 15, which is the youngest allowed. The boys (mostly aged around 19) drown their boredom in beer while they wait for the contest to start, and the girls drown theirs in Babycham, which makes the ones under 15 feel very daring.

At last the girl of 20, a redhead on tottery high heels, staggers on to the stage and goes through the motions of singing without uttering a sound. She receives thunderous and somewhat sarcastic applause from her gang, a large one. Then the girl of 13 goes up, a flashy-eyed type with glossy black hair. When in school uniform you might take her for 11, but tonight in all her glory she could pass for 17, which is probably her ambition. She sings *Heart of a Man* so beautifully that all the boys clutch instinctively at the girls, who draw back, not wanting to be distracted from the lovely singing. (A thing I've noticed is that girls only snog when they're in the mood, which isn't always, while if boys had their way they would snog all the time.) It's obvious she will win the £5, and her friends all wonder what luxuries are in store.

her father think, my dear?

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Finally, the 14-year-old girl, who has a very gruff voice, is ugly and incredibly stupid and yet can always find a boy friend far older than herself (just now she's planning to elope with a Malayan gentleman to Hong Kong), blunders vaguely stagewards. Everybody knows her, and they all prepare to enjoy themselves. She gives a deep growl, blushes and lapses into silence. 'She's had too much Babycham', the 13-year-old says in a loud and earnest whisper. Meanwhile, up on the stage, the MC gives her a kindly word and adjusts the microphone.

'All right, all right, I can manage!' she shouts in an angry whine that rings through the hall. Muffled guffaws from the audience. After a long period of silent mouth movements she bursts into a high-pitched croak, causing a waitress to drop a tray of glasses. This is the end, and she stumps off the stage, calling out 'I've had enough!' The evening being over, the 13-year-old receives her prize, and her mother, a fat determined woman, appears from nowhere and spirits her away before the eyes of her astonished friends. All the teenagers then adjourn to the amusement arcade, where the boys try to play *The Battle of New Orleans* on the juke box, while the girls try to stop them, moving the dial to something more sentimental.

The most popular teenage haunt in Brighton at present is a coffee bar, rather curiously named after an alcoholic beverage, in a side street near the town's principal dance hall. It is not an orthodox coffee bar – more like a mixture of coffee bar, dance hall and youth club. You have to pay an admission fee of a shilling, and you are handed a ticket which entitles you to one coffee or soft drink at the bar. You go down some steps into a basement area, edge your way past the teenagers lounging everywhere, and wriggle your way in through a small door from which comes the full stereophonic blast of the huge, ultra-modern juke box. You are confronted by the sight of what seems to be the entire teenage population of Sussex packed on the smallest dance floor in Britain. The bar is laid out like a western saloon, with pictures of guns of all kinds on the wall, also comic notices and clippings from the papers about teenagers. Near the bar is a grotto with a sofa, known as 'Hangman's Corner'. This is invariably occupied by a couple snogging, and generations of snoggers have worn away the cover, leaving the springs partly exposed.

Complicated dancing is impossible; the couples clutch each other very close (this is unavoidable anyway) and merely sway from side to side. The juke box plays non-stop, records being booked in advance. The dancers are aged 13 to 30, but most are in the 16 to 18 group. There are few of the real old-fashioned Teds – indeed it is surprising how decent most of the teenagers look. The Mediterranean influence on clothes can clearly be seen, but it is impossible to tell which teenagers will be spending the next day working in shops or as labourers, and which will be walking primly to school in uniform. The place is different from most coffee bars in that it is a teenage haunt all day long and not just in the evening.

Other coffee bars are almost as crowded with teenagers at ten at night, but at three in the afternoon they are mostly filled with elderly women, and if a Sixth-form type walks in, complete in uniform and with books under his arm, they whisper loudly: 'Just look at that teenager!' What they would make of the place I'm now describing, I don't know. It is at its most fascinating in summer, when it is crowded with French students who make it their base. These are a great attraction for the younger girls; and there might be more jealousy were it not for the fact that an equal number of Swedish girls also come. So between them the foreigners keep everyone happy: the foreigners can really enjoy themselves, as they have left their families behind, lucky devils. The French students are very noisy and boisterous, but have no malice for anyone. All the same, their appearance in the coffee bar usually brings forth the owner, a man of about 40 in faultless evening dress, who chews a cigar and gives them quelling glances whenever their high spirits start to overflow too much. Among the students are some boys from French West Africa, tall and strikingly handsome, who move flamboyantly among the other teenagers without inciting any noticeable colour prejudice.

Another type of foreigner now found resident in Brighton is the Malayan, mostly boys in their early twenties who go around with girls in their early teens. They tend to frequent the more sedate type of coffee bar. They are very popular with the English girls, but they don't mix much with our boys. Foreign boys usually seem better mannered and more charming with girls, and this will probably force English boys up to the same standard. One well-known figure is a fat, jolly, middle-aged Italian with a touch of devilry about him. He dances with a beautiful brunette of 17 in a skin-tight jumper and jeans. He swings her around very slowly, then suddenly heaves her off her feet and smacks her bottom, whereupon he looks around leeringly and cracks jokes with anyone watching. Then there is a huge, lumbering boy of 14, who looks like 19 and tells the girls he is 17. He spends all his spare time in the coffee bar and jokes with everyone in a heavily assumed transatlantic twang. There is also a pale, sulky-looking blonde of 16 who spends all her time lounging mournfully around the juke box, telling everyone she 'comes there for the music'. In addition there is a lively group of 15-year-old girls, who cluster round the bar giggling and telling each other dirty jokes, all the while looking critically at all the boys and occasionally calling out to them.

I know I'm biased about teenagers – I am one of them. But after all, what's so wrong with them, that makes adults flinch or groan whenever they hear the word 'teenager'? Most of them lead appallingly dull lives all day long in schools, offices or factories, so isn't it natural they should want to go out and enjoy themselves at night? Adults look terrified whenever they see a large group of teenagers together, however innocent their behaviour. Where they make their mistake is in thinking of 'teenager' and 'juvenile delinquent' as one and the same. Also they will label anyone not actually in school uniform as a Ted. Brighton, with its myriad coffee bars, has no large trouble-making core. The place to look for that is in towns (Horsham, for example) where there are fewer places of harmless enjoyment.

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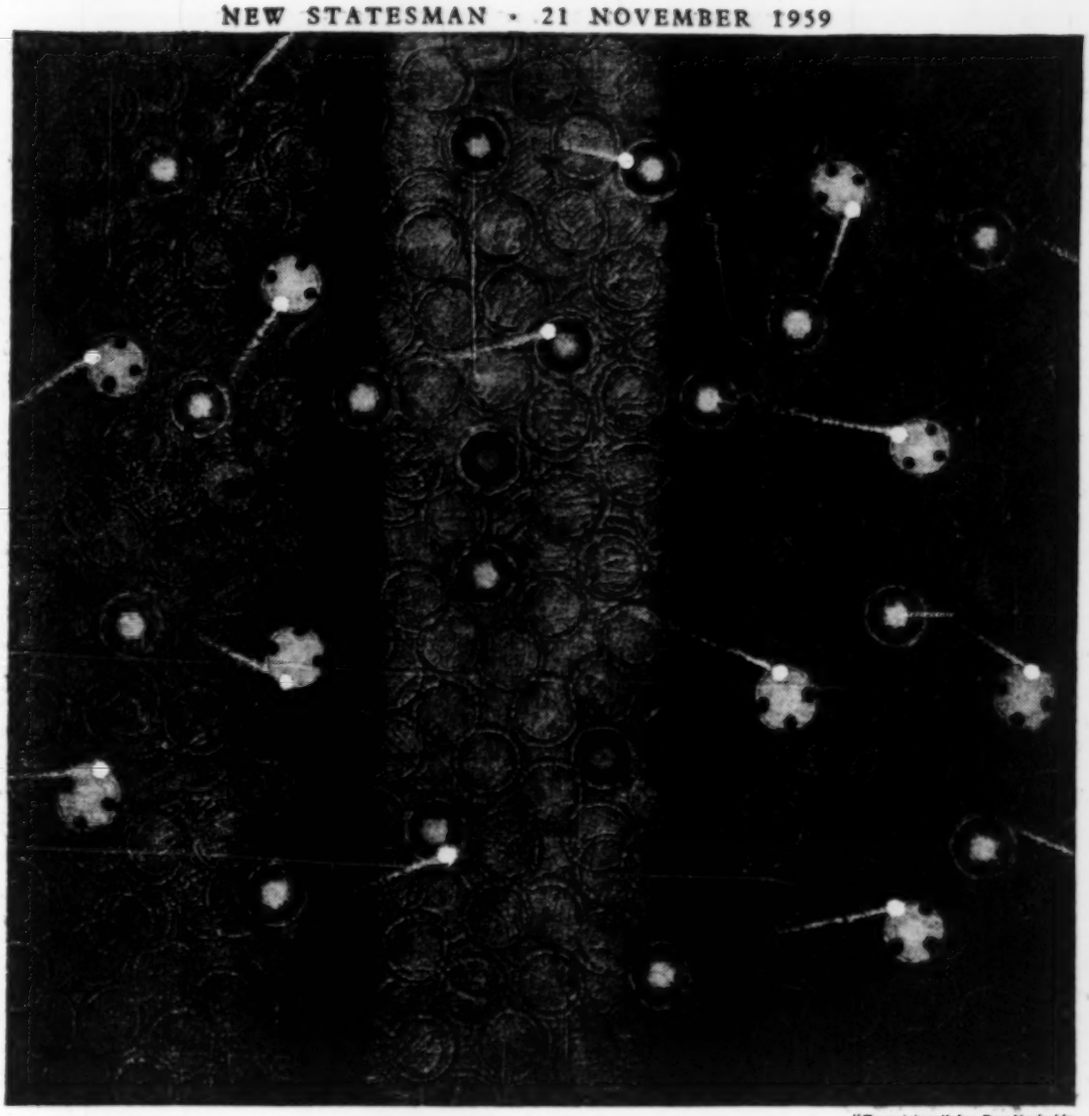
The Paris Scene

THERE is something rather Czarist about modern France: all those plots and attempted assassinations, the heavy bourgeoisie, the drunks asleep on the pavements, the threatened 1890-ish franc and the lush imperialism which de Gaulle makes out of a night at the opera (Cousteau discovered *la folie des profondeurs;* de Gaulle has capped it with *la folie de grandeur*). France has the same sense of political unreality, contradiction and impermanence that you find in nineteenth-century Russian literature. Perhaps that explains why so much Russian work is at present on the Paris stage: a Chekhov, two adaptations of Gorki by Adamov, and Charpak's adaptation of Dostoevsky's *The Gambler* (last season it was Camus's version of *The Possessed*).

Certainly, there is nothing academic or mannered about the Russian craze. If Adamov had tinkered just a little with Gorki's *Les Petits Bourgeois* (L'Oeuvre), cutting out the samovar and changing the names, the piece might have been set in any modern French provincial town with any French bourgeois family. The children stifled by their parents, their constant depressions and back-broken struggles to escape – the son proposes to a merry widow, the daughter attempts suicide – the self-pity, the inevitability with which the intelligent take to drink, the young and lusty get out and the sensitive go under: it all comes across like the first instalment of some epic of French youth of which Part Two is *Les Tricheurs*. This is an impression that neither Charles Lavialle, despite his boots and high-buttoned shirt, nor Caroline Waldé, despite her vapours, tries to alter. Perhaps this explains why a dramatist as important as Adamov should have bothered himself with Gorki's early, Chekhovian piece. In England the gesture would betoken vaguely sentimental fellow-travellerism, but in France it generates a certain urgency, which provokes Adamov into a didactic programme note about 'the old sick society' and 'the new man'. He is preaching directly, without allegory or obliquity; the case is France's, and now. And the



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audience, which included a significantly large block of teenagers, responded in the same spirit.

Sartre's latest play, *Les Séquestrés d'Altona* (La Renaissance), is Russian in a more obvious, almost parody, sense; like one of the bad late novels of Tolstoy, it is melodramatic, metaphysical, guilt-ridden and enormously long. (They have mercifully cut one hour of it, leaving a mere three and a half.) It is also considerably cruder than anything Sartre has yet produced. His earlier plays succeeded because, even when the characters were only vehicles for ideas, the situations were manipulated with endless invention. Whatever the plays lacked in depth psychology they made up for in their unpredictable, concentrated and often brilliantly original mechanics. Not so *Les Séquestrés*. A German industrialist under death sentence from his doctor bullies an unwilling promise from his younger son and daughter-in-law to devote their lives to his ship-building empire and unspeakable family mansion. The elder son, who by rights is fated to the job, is supposed to have died a war hero. He hasn't, of course. He is locked away in the upper regions of the house, like the first Mrs Rochester, too possessed by the guilt of his war crimes and the degradation of Germany to face life or home or beauty. In full military uniform, hepped up on benzedrine, he spends his time maundering orders and meditations into a tape-recorder. He will see only his sister, with whom he is disconsolately committing incest. But the sister-in-law, in order to save her husband, forces her way in. She coaxes his story from him in a series of cannily arranged flash-backs, she weans him from the benny habit into a kind of residual sanity; inevitably, she falls in love. In the end *le séquestré* comes downstairs to face life, guilt and father and, since it was the latter's informing that started him on the downward path, the two men drive off into the gloaming to commit suicide. I do not exaggerate; the play is really as corny as that. But since Sartre wrote it, it is full of incidental good things. And maybe the corn has its allegorical excuses: may be the clichés do apply to modern France – after all, the hero's name is Frantz, which is assonant enough. Or maybe, as someone suggested, it is an allegory of the Algerian crisis. Maybe. But to the impartial observer the play is just another tired, prolix melodrama with a few comments on the metaphysics of guilt thrown in. It might be effective propaganda, but no political excuses on earth will turn it into good art. In the whole interminable affair there are only two touches of the genuine Sartre. The first is the hero's superb peroration on the collective guilt of our age, which the tape-recorder plays as the curtain descends; the second is the moment when his galaxy of iron crosses turn out to be chocolate. And that, despite Serge Reggiani's acting, was symbolic of the whole play.

In 1952 Sartre, as the Pope of literary Paris, canonised Jean Genet with a 600-page critique called *Saint Genet*. At last Genet seems to have taken him seriously. His latest play, *Les Nègres* (Lutèce), is a kind of Black Mass in which all values are parodied and turned, rigorously though not systematically, inside out. The saint is apparently working hard at his gospel. As always with Genet's work, the play is peculiarly unwilling to yield up to synopsis. Roughly what happens is that a group of Negro actors play out a ritual expiation, or celebration, or explanation, or preparation, for the murder of a white man, whose corpse lies in front of them. Behind sits a tribunal of whites – a queen and her valet, a missionary, judge and governor. In theory the ritual, a matter of calculated blasphemy and dirt, is offered to them; but gradually it appears that it is the whites who are on trial, defend themselves, are condemned and executed. Except, of course, that the whites themselves are Negroes in white masks, who are playing their parts as deliberately as the rest. It is a classic case of handy-dandy. In the end, the murder is committed off-stage and the whole charade begins again.

The action is bewildering but typical of all Genet's plays. They are always done by mirrors. He has one theme only: the impossibility of ever separating appearance from reality. With this excuse he has managed to dramatise all his personal ticks and preoccupations. In *The Maids* it was a preoccupation with class: who is the mistress, who the servant? In *The Balcony* it was fame, prestige, influence, like the cartoon of the king whose royalty is created by his own clothes. In *Les Nègres* it is the antipathy and eternal misunderstandings of black and white. So superficially it might seem that Genet is climbing out of his narrow world into the grander, wider skies of contemporary problems. But not at all. When he calls the piece a *clownerie*, he knows what he is about. The obscenity and Groucho Marxism that rage throughout are no measured, Sartrean statement about the colour problem. On the contrary, the play seems written out of anger and a sense of absurdity; for Genet, as Norman Mailer said of the beatniks, is himself a 'white Negro'. He was, after all, a condemned but reprieved criminal and a well-known pederast; hence he writes as though he felt himself, by some trick of nature as irreversible as the colour of his skin, wholly outside ordinary society. So he piles blasphemy on blasphemy, contradiction on contradiction, in the hope of reducing the whole infuriating order of things to rubble. It is the theatre of nihilism, which relies for its effect not on any depth of implication but on some stylish clowning at the very edges of sense, on the author's occasionally magnificent gift of the gab and on odd moments of sometimes surprisingly mannered wit: 'For two thousand years,' says the missionary consolingly, 'God has been white, he eats off a white tablecloth, wipes his white mouth on a white napkin . . . and watches the snow fall'. Christopher Fry might have written that. Still, however patchy the play, Roger Blin's production and the acting of Les Griots, an all-Negro company, set a standard of sophistication and style that is rarely, if ever, approached in England. As a charade, *Les Nègres* may be more tricksy-tricksy than profound, but as a theatrical occasion it is magnificent. There is a moral in that.

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Busoni out of Limbo

So once again we have been deceived, as we were over Mahler and Bruckner. Last Friday's outstanding performance of *Doktor Faust*, at the Royal Festival Hall, proved all our accepted notions of Busoni to be sheer moonshine, revealing him as an original creative genius of the highest order. Unfortunately, this revelation was apparent to only a few members of a largely indifferent audience. Since I was one of them, and thus find myself once more in the suspect position of supporting an extreme minority view, I am forced back on to an analysis of the situation.

Every so often, from the vast limbo of neglected composers, a once-famous name clamours to be restored to our public musical life. Among a million justly exiled for lack of intrinsic musical merit, he is the unhappy victim of external factors – cultural fashion, the personal tastes of performers, box-office considerations. From this lost world have emerged, at different times, Berlioz, Bellini, Schütz, Monteverdi, and even Bach.

Busoni has been languishing in limbo ever since his death in 1924. Nevertheless, various considerations – the enduring magic of his name, his fame as a progenitor of modern music, the acknowledged lofty intent of his creative activity – conspire to bring his most ambitious work, *Doktor Faust*, to an occasional performance. What happens? By a strange paradox, the more individual a fugitive from limbo is – and Busoni was one of the great originals – the more difficult it is to recognise him at a single glance: only a few people, temperamentally akin to his peculiar mode of feeling, see him straightaway as the unmistakable genius he is. The general impression of him, based on a fleeting glimpse, is one of featurelessness; for the majority, familiarity is essential to full identification. In Busoni's case, there is no conductor-advocate to press for further performances, and in this country there is only one outstanding writer who supports his cause – Kaikhosru Shapurji Sorabji, who does not contribute to any of the well-known periodicals. Hence the composer, with no chance of becoming familiarised, is sent back to limbo, and his masterpiece shelved for another few years.

Meanwhile, just as in other cases, the false impression of 'featurelessness' hardens into an accepted opinion. Familiarity has exploded the myths of Bach's 'dryness', Mahler's 'lack of style', Bruckner's 'unmemorability', but the Busoni-myth inevitably persists: that of an intellectual fabricator of austere neo-classical works, which are 'grey' and 'flavourless' because he had no genuine musical personality. This myth is the product of bewilderment in face of an idiom so personal as to be relatable to nothing else in our musical experience. Standing classically apart

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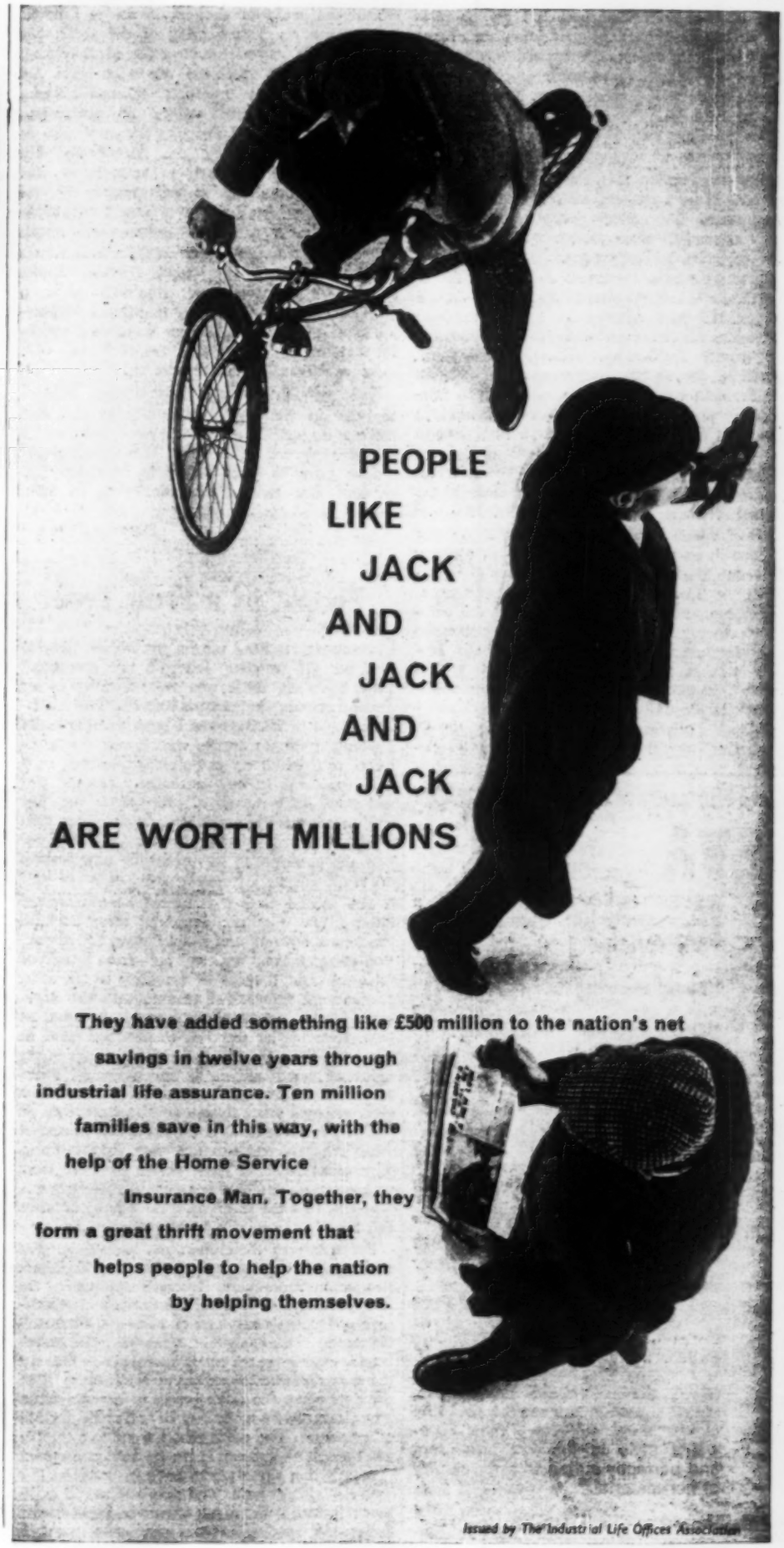
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from Wagnerian romanticism, it bears no relation to the de-humanised neo-classicism of our own time, being objectively expressive of feeling, passion, and poetic inspiration, as the original classical style was. Busoni's style is *sui generis*, and far from being dead and cold it is, to the comprehending ear, hypnotically evocative of strange worlds of feeling.

How to describe this elusive idiom, entirely self-created by a tremendous feat of the musical imagination? The melody is cool and strong, yet oddly mysterious in its strange twists and turns. The harmony is compounded of many subtly-integrated elements: common chords in the most unorthodox juxtapositions; diatonics freshly manipulated into textures of rarified nobility; chromatics which are neither sensual nor pathetic, but grimly foreboding; arbitrary formations, chords of the fourth, harmonies from Wagner and Scriabin turned to entirely individual, non-romantic purposes. And the whole is clothed in novel and fascinating orchestral timbres, sombre and glittering by turns. The power of this infallibly calculated instrumentation is such that it preserved its quality of mystery even in the clinical acoustics of the Royal Festival Hall.

All of which would be nothing, if it did not succeed in creating a unique vision – in weaving a genuine magic spell without any trace of hocus-pocus. As Sorabji says, the work is 'a supreme, magnificent, triumphant affirmation of the composer's theory that opera should be concerned with the necromantic, the magical, the fantastic. . . . Its atmosphere is that of "in a glass darkly", Blackwood at his most sinister, or Dr James's incomparable stories'.

Friday's performance (only marred by certain regrettable large cuts) presented the work as eloquently as could be desired, as far as I could judge from my first hearing of the work. Sir Adrian Boult shaped the structure most lucidly, and shaded the orchestral sonorities with the utmost sensitivity. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with his unparalleled sense of possession, brought the figure of Faust to life as vividly as though he had been in the opera-house. He physically acted the part, as strongly as was consistent with a concert-performance; and he was backed up by the rest of the cast in what amounted to a miniature 'production' – which gave the lie to the suggestion that the work would be ineffective on the stage. Richard Lewis matched the protagonist superbly, with a forcefully-sung and intensely maleficent Mephistopheles; and Heather Harper voiced the youthful love-longing of the Duchess of Parma with quite exceptional radiance and tenderness.

This great artistic experience made one wish to hear the work again immediately; but, alas, there is no recording, and the next performance will probably not be for years. How much longer are we going to leave Busoni in exile, his 'featureless' face smiling sardonically at us from limbo?

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12/6

Someone To Love

NINA FAREWELL'S provocative, satirical fiction successor to "The Unfair Sex" (37,000). "Miss Farewell's style is limpidly intelligent and perfectly suited to the delicacy of her material." *—Times Lit. Supp.*
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Muller

People in a Fruit Tree

COMMENTS reaching me on my article 'Staying Socialist' (31 October) fall into two categories. First, there are those who refer bitterly to my 'funeral oratory' on Socialist Realism. This bitterness would be justified had I been wearing black. I wasn't. I simply argued that it was a mistake for us to demand direct political comment from the visual arts in our particular situation here and now. As a means of propaganda the 'fine arts' are hopelessly inefficient. At the same time I argued that a Socialist attitude to reality was now the prerequisite for producing any positive art at all. Hardly a funeral.

The second kind of comment came from the other flank. Why not drop the term Socialist Realism altogether, and simply make the distinction between good and bad art – from what you have just said, it looks as though it would come to the same thing? The trouble with this argument is that, although safe enough, it offers no lead. Every artist sets out to produce what he conceives to be 'good' art. So to encourage in the name of 'good' art, is to encourage all indiscriminately. It seems to me that we critics must give, amongst other things, an historical lead, we must try to make it easier for our artists to understand the very bad situation they are inheriting. This means that we must define the base from which, setting out, they are most likely to succeed. I believe that the most accurate way to describe this base is to call it a Socialist Realist one.

Yet words by themselves are too vague. One must quote examples. I would cite Zadkine's Rotterdam monument, Lurçat's tapestries, the later paintings of Léger, Kokoschka's city landscapes, Barlach's carvings of peasants, Guttuso's Garibaldi, Gromaire's etchings, Lipchitz's lovers, certain works by Brancusi – I would cite these as constructive examples made since 1920, the date when the crisis began to become acute. The list could be made longer and could include other names. The point that I want to establish, however, is that there is no stylistic conformity here. All that these works have in common is a realistic faith in man. The religious would claim that this faith is the result of prayer. Liberals will see it as a birthright. I am convinced that it is the result of the artist's social ideology – which, I must emphasise again, need not in all situations coincide exactly with his political affiliations.

So much has to be qualified, so much has to be left 'open', readers may wonder whether the argument is worth it, but believe me, it is. It's bound to be difficult for us to uncover the very historical process that we are living through. Yet that is what we must try to do. It is much simpler for people in other parts of the world. They can, now, come to understand the historical process simply by grasping the obvious practical opportunities which present themselves. We, with our imperialist advantage, on the other hand, are now unable to put our feet on the ground. We are like people in a fruit tree whose ladder – with absolute justice – has been taken away.

* * *

The large Jacques Lipchitz sculpture exhibition has now opened at the Tate. I wrote about this show at length (27 December 1958) after I had seen it in Amsterdam. Now I will limit myself to defending Lipchitz's work from two likely forms of attack. It is said that he is a derivative artist, borrowing chiefly from the Cubists and from Picasso. But do these critics really expect one virgin birth after another? Lipchitz was formed by Cubism and has learnt a little from Picasso. And so much the better for him. It means that he is in a position to develop our twentieth-century tradition. Which is exactly what he has done. Since about 1930 he has created image after image, expressing the conflicts and hopes of our time: the conflicts embodied in the subject matter – the Rape of Europa, Prometheus, Hagar – the hopes expressed through the dynamism and energy of his means of expression. Which brings me to the second form of attack. His work is accused of being coarse, vulgar, obscene. This, I think, is simply the result of its unusual virility. Every figure of his is a begetter. For him sex is the opposite of death, not merely a stimulus. Lolita is a whole damnation away.

Naturally I would not defend all his work from all criticism. The early 'analytical cubist' works are, for sculpture, too close to the paintings from which they derive. The forms in some of his recent works are over-tumescent, swollen – which in art is not the same thing as tense. But between these two necessary extremes there are masterpieces. And masterpieces from which students might learn a great deal. Lipchitz gives an inspiring example of what it really means to produce a consistent work. The way he treats a knee will be absolutely consistent with the way he treats a forehead or a hand: all will be established at exactly the *same* distance from literal appearances. This consistency is the clearest indication we can have of his genius. It proves that his power of invention and his knowledge of reality are equally robust.

Just as his idiom is thorough to the last detail, so is the meaning of his works. In, for example, *Towards a New World* (1934) three figures join together to make a shape like a boat with a sail, the symbol of the city of Paris for which it was made. Yet at the same time one of the figures advances with a flag and another faces in the opposite direction to destroy the old order, a figure on which they both stand. In 1938 Europa submits to the bull. In another bronze, dated 1941, she struggles to kill him. Here is an artist using his language.

And then, there is the deeper meaning of his art: the view of life it expresses, through its forms. No man is single. No action is separate. We merge and change like clouds. Energy cannot exist without time. We grow and are grown over.

There are also three other exhibitions well worth seeing. At the New Art Centre (Sloane Street) Anthony Eyton is showing some paintings of children running about in playgrounds or piazzas – mostly in Crete. The disposition of the figures in space is Poussinesque. These are works with a solid intellectual content, whose modesty and poetry prevent them being in any way over austere. They are paintings to buy. Independent of fashion, they cannot lose their value. My only criticism is that their colour is a little too literal and inactive, deriving too automatically from Euston Road tonal painting. A new gallery has been opened at 1 Albany Terrace, NW1. At the moment in a mixed exhibition there are striking paintings by two young artists – Margaret Evans and David Tindle. There are also good paintings by Cliff Holden and Gischia.

At the Crane Kalman the French painter Léopold-Lévy is showing thirty recent landscapes. He is seventy-seven years old. His life has been that of a properly professional French painter. Now with his idiom of simplified forms and intense colours absolutely established, he paints for – and also to give – pleasure. Criticism is disarmed and made to seem irrelevant. Such joy is rare. Would that we never had to be concerned with anything else. The critic could become obsolete.

JOHN BERGER

The Master Stallers

WE all know that the commercial television people – both the ITA itself and the programme companies – have been pressing the Government to raise the present permitted maximum of 50 (studio) hours a week. (I quoted recently a not very convincing argument in support of this by Mr Val Parnell.) What some people had not realised until they saw the ITA's newly issued *Annual Report and Accounts, 1958-59* (HMSO, 3s. 6d.) was how long this pressure had been going on. It was as long ago as June 1958 that the ITA stated a case to the Postmaster-General. Since then, say ITA spokesmen, there has been 'a series of interim replies'. This (to them) melancholy euphemism conceals a stalling operation as masterly as any ever carried out by the bureaucrats of Moscow or Washington, or some French small-town *fonctionnaire*. The Government relied first on the well-known 'can't tackle it piecemeal' line of argument: the Third Channel, definition, colour – all sorts of major political and technical decisions, affecting the whole future of TV, have to be taken fairly soon; better deal with all these questions at once. (The stock alternative to this line, used if anybody suggests a comprehensive reform, is: 'one step at a time and see how we get on'.)

The second Government argument – much more soundly based, in my view – is that such a concession could not be made to ITV alone. The BBC had to be consulted, and the BBC's first reaction was 'If we provide more programmes, we'll need more money'. But this was a year ago, when an increase of 21 hours a week was mooted. The BBC now says that it can manage an extra half-hour a day – its licence-fee revenue goes up automatically with the number of TV sets (now just 10 million).

Several other matters of interest are covered in the ITA report: advertising, for instance. Exaggerated claims were being made for certain toothpastes: 'suitable changes' were made. The bland phrase must surely conceal a struggle as ferocious as any shown in those underwater natural-history

A Word from the Wise

Westport,
Connecticut.

Dear Charles,

My warmest thanks for renewing my subscription to the *New Statesman.* It helps no end to reduce the pain of commuting, and I can read it before Joan latches on to it. You say you have become a commuter yourself (where is Little Bogfosters anyway?), so I've decided to reply in kind. I am going to send you ***The Reporter*** which is the most intelligent and enjoyable liberal magazine on our side of the water.

If you haven't already heard of it, it's a fortnightly, and although it's only been going on ten years, it has built up a sizeable and very impressive circulation over here among thoughtful people. It publishes some really first-class reporting on American problems, and I know that in Washington it is *required* reading for it has really taken the lid off some rather murky goings-on down there—not sensational stuff, mind you, but accurate, thoroughly-researched balanced reporting.

It has a very high level of international coverage and some of your own best writers contribute both from the old country, from Asia and the Middle East. Thinking back, I know that it has given me information I couldn't find anywhere else—a series on the China Lobby operations, the first thorough report on the dangers of fallout, a brilliant series of stories that prepared me, at least, for the Suez crisis.

But the main reason I know you'll like it is that you and Sue are interested in America. It seems to me that ***The Reporter*** conveys the flavor and color of American life, its fun as well as its problems, as no one else has since Mencken. And everyone, from Dean Acheson to John Cheever, writes for it. It has one of the best satirical poets, called SEC, since your own Sagittarius gave up. And there are always first-rate book, movie and theatre reviews.

Short of that trip to England Joan and I are always planning (why did we have to miss your best summer!), ***The Reporter*** is the best way of keeping in touch that I can think of.

Yours,
Bob.

P.S. I've discovered I'm lucky! ***The Reporter*** people tell me there's a new special subscription offer for British readers.

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films. Attacks on ITA for allowing 'an excessive quantity' of commercials seem to be resented—perhaps because they have in some cases been effective. A review last year showed that 'particular programme patterns could lead to an over-concentration of advertising in particular hours' (just what was complained of and at first denied). 'Accordingly, further modifications were introduced to prevent more than a tiny proportion of "clock" hours carrying more than eight minutes of "spot" advertising, and these were at the end of the year being progressively brought into force by the programme companies.' How tiny is 'tiny', how progressive 'progressively'?

For the difficulty about precise analysis of ITV is, of course, semantic. There is the genuine difficulty of defining a 'serious' programme. Clearly, many plays done on TV are serious and elevating, not merely 'light entertainment': last Sunday's BBC production of *Street Scene*, for example. (The clashing ITV melodrama, *The Last of the Brave*, though well acted by Wolfit and others, was not saved from pretentiousness by a desperate injection of Freudian hints.) Apart from plays, the ITA report claims 25 per cent. of serious programmes in a 'total week's output', implicitly answering the criticism that not enough of these are shown at peak times by an ingenious little manipulation of averages: 'with the exception of schools programmes, which were shown in the afternoons, most of these serious items were presented between 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. or between 10 p.m. and 11 p.m., when on average four out of ten homes were viewing, as compared with an average of five out of ten between 7 and 10'.

At least the ITA's standard of definition is more austere than that of ATV, which has just issued a laughable little news-sheet claiming that 'light entertainment comprises only some 15 per cent. of ITV's total programme time' and that ITV 'gives 40-50 per cent. of its time to serious programmes'. As the Duke of Wellington is reputed to have said. . . .

TOM DRIBERG

'Persons Unknown', and 'Charmants Garçons', at the Academy.

The Academy, for a change, puts on a double comedy programme. I don't think so much of Henri Decoin's *Charmants Garçons*, a routine of polished sex comedy. Very different, however, is *Persons Unknown*, by a director unfamiliar to me, Mario Monicelli, who has given the idea of incompetent crooks an extravagance and a charm wholly refreshing. They are very human, these small-timers who set out on a big job; and their grand exploit has all the exhilaration of *Rififi* together with an inadequacy that takes the wind out of every gesture. If a man flings a knife at a door, it doesn't stick; fingers thrust into the mouth for a blood-curdling whistle produce only a hiss; when the gang try to rob a safe, bungling achieves its climax, they force their way into a kitchen and make do with a snack. This is one of those delightful films that start casually, like a snowball; it must be patted and kicked; then it finds its slope, and the rest is enchantment.

W. W.

'Anna Christie', at the Unity Theatre

Joan Clarke's idea of producing O'Neill's *Anna Christie* with an all-Negro cast has had a searching effect on the play—as well as giving an inadvertent new significance to the line in which Anna's sailor lover remarks that his boat is bound for Cape Town, which last week-end raised a hoot of sardonic laughter from a row of Negroes in the audience. Miss Clarke has made a laudable stab at a big work; but the hesitancies of inexperienced actors remind one more than ever that O'Neill is surely one of the most awkward writers who was ever a great playwright.

The West Indian Drama Group was founded three years ago, in an interesting attempt to develop local Sidney Poitiers and Dorothy Dandridges, and since then they have worked on plays from Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* to Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*. In *Anna Christie* the title role goes to Sylvia Earle, who is understandably defeated by O'Neill's attempt to suggest a Dumas-type tart and spends most of the time looking longingly into the wings. Vic Patterson gives an obstinate dignity to Anna's barge-captain father, the drunken will-o'-the-wisp whose continuum of muttered accusations against 'that old devil sea' can sometimes verge perilously on farce. The hot, severe sets are excellent, and economical in the aesthetic as well as the financial sense, which is more than one can generally expect in little-theatre productions. All the same, it takes a more masterful hand than Joan Clarke's, and a more expert company, to counteract the sometimes startling ineptness of O'Neill's dialogue and the lameness of the happy ending.

P. G.

Correspondence

APARTHEID

SIR,—The Defence and Aid Fund established by Christian Action has played a magnificent part in the task of relieving the hardship inflicted upon a growing number of people by acts of the present government in South Africa. The Treason Trials drag on interminably. We are glad to report that we in South Africa have raised approximately half of the £100,000 that has so far been spent on the defence and maintenance of the accused, but we do not know what we would have done without the most generous support of men and women in Britain. Unhappily, indications are that the need for that support will grow, not diminish, as time goes on.

We seem in South Africa to be living through a period in which our rulers tend more and more to regard opposition to apartheid as treasonable. More and more people are being charged with offences of an anti-apartheid nature; they are being charged more hastily, and punished more heavily. The need for adequate legal defence will, therefore, be even greater in the future than it is today. Swift administrative action against African men and women (invariably of a kind which denies those affected any recourse whatsoever to a Court of Law) leaving families without means and children without care, is being resorted to more frequently.

Your readers may know, for example, that African women are now compelled to carry passes, euphemistically termed 'reference books'. Many South Africans fear that African women will now be liable to an evil which has for so long afflicted African men, namely to be stopped in the streets, and to be hauled off to police stations, sometimes to be absent for many days. This is bad enough for men, but it is much more to be feared for wives and mothers. It is expected that many women will be involved in such offences, and in demonstrations against the law.

The operation of the apartheid laws create almost daily new demands for the relief and rehabilitation of its growing number of victims; demands that cannot, in the name of ordinary humanity, be denied. For these reasons we call upon your readers to support the Defence and Aid Fund so that it may continue, in the future, to enlist the aid of British generosity for one of the most deserving causes to be found in the western world today.

JOOST CAPETOWN — G. M. NAIKER
AMBROSE JOHANNESBURG — ALAN PATON
A. J. LUTULI — LESLIE RUBIN

C/o Christian Action
2 Amen Court, EC4

END OF KENYA'S EMERGENCY

SIR,—It is news of important realisation that Her Majesty's Government and the Government of Kenya have reached the bold decision to call off

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the age-old State of Emergency, thus bringing the Kenyans of all races to forget all about the past and look to the future with hope and determination.

Whereas His Excellency's announcement when he opened the new session of the Kenya Legislative Council is worthy and must command the most welcome expressions from Kenyans, I wonder whether it could be said that the Africans join so fully in this welcome.

I cannot understand what the British and Kenya governments intend for the future of African leaders. Let it be known that Jomo Kenyatta and other African leaders now rotting in restriction are held in the highest esteem of any national leaders in the world. And that no terrestrial force is capable of effacing their names from the tale of African political struggle.

If the governor, in exercise of powers conferred upon him under the Act of Grace, was able to set free people convicted of murder whose sentences had been commuted to life imprisonment, one wonders where His Excellency's mercy disappeared when he considered Kenyatta's case.

When the Emergency was declared in 1952, Kenyatta and other African leaders were elected; now that the Emergency has been called off, it is only good that these leaders should be set free.

Africans want Kenyatta. They are craving for his leadership and experience in their struggle for national liberation. There is ample proof of this. The governor has been approached by all present African leaders and political associations to release these leaders. The non-racial Kenya National Party recently sent one of its number, the Hon. D. T. Arap Moi, to visit them at Lokitaung.

We cannot tolerate the traces of the Emergency in the confinement of African leaders. The British had better reconsider their decision on Kenyatta.

M. D. ODINGA

PO Box 17044, Nairobi

THE OLD LOOK

SIR,—It would be ungrateful to mention the one fault only in John Freeman's excellent appraisal of the duties of the Parliamentary Labour Party in your last issue. I think that everyone in the Watford Labour Party and many outside it still remember the happy days before his translation to the higher reaches of the NEW STATESMAN, when he was our admired friend and guide as the Member for Watford. His photograph still hangs in the party offices in Woodford Road. But what is this about not electing the Parliamentary Committee? Are leaders infallible? It should not be difficult within the compact structure of the Parliamentary Party for the leaders to so manage affairs that new talent is brought forth and displayed for the rank and file to see, and they will vote next year for the men who have achieved distinction in the parliamentary struggle. The processes of democracy are subtle. It is the duty of leaders to guide and sustain their followers and show them the ways in which they should go. It is the duty of an active rank and file to guide and sustain the leaders and keep them in touch with the reality in lowly things which in their exalted status they cannot maintain without help. This process is the stuff of democracy and we must urge the Parliamentary Party to work it out in its fullest sense so that democracy may grow and develop. Without democracy it will be a bad lookout for Socialism. The people of Britain, too, need to be led to the ways of democracy by powerful democratic leadership. Don't let us start putting the clock back.

PETER ROE

43 Belmont Road
Bushey
Herts

ELECTION INQUEST

SIR,—Will you allow a word to Mercutio? There are four obvious reasons for the Labour Party defeat. The first is clear enough—give a man prosperity, and he will wish to *conserve* it: the excellent aims of the Labour Party thus, in time, defeat themselves. The second is closely related: the better a man is educated, the less will he like the idea of egalitarianism. The third is, that in a shrinking world Labour *appears* (maybe through no fault of its own) less cosmopolitan than the more-travelled Tories. The fourth, and possibly the most important, is that party government is becoming a farce: the dividing lines are largely artificial.

The trouble with the Labour Party (and even as a Mercutio I may think that good quarrelling is healthy) is that it depends on disaster. Nothing would suit it better than recession, unemployment, colonial trouble, and rising prices. These, quite inevitably, are its *aims*. They are negative and they won't do. The once-so-successful (and worthy) idea of wailing about the poor crushed masses is dead. The one positive aim—as I see it—of a healthy opposition today is, quite clearly, total disarmament. That's what everyone wants, and what the Tories won't give. And what the Labour Party does is to sack Philip Noel-Baker from the Shadow Cabinet.

LIONEL FIELDEN

Poggio Luce
Ripafratta
Pisa

THE REICHSTAG FIRE

SIR,—I am interested in Critic's references in your issue of 14 November to the articles in *Der Spiegel* about the Reichstag fire. I had decided to wait until the articles were completed before considering whether I should reply to them; but since Critic expresses his eagerness to hear 'the opinions of the historians . . . who have agreed that the fire was the work of the Nazis', I feel that I should say something at once.

Whilst I am not a historian, I played some part, as chairman of the group of distinguished lawyers from six countries who sat at the counter-trial to which Critic refers, in putting the fire in 'its place in history as one of the first Nazi crimes'; and I think that you, Mr Editor, who were actually present when the unanimous judgment of these lawyers was read out, will agree that:

(1) The evidence at the counter-trial showed that it was physically impossible for Van der Lubbe, more than half-blind and with little or no knowledge of the Reichstag building, to have prepared and started the fire (in the dark) in the elaborate way in which that was done, particularly in the very short time available;

(2) none of the evidence on that point depended in any way on the documents from Paris to which *Der Spiegel* refers;

(3) if van der Lubbe did not do the work alone, *someone* helped him; and the Nazis were the only people who were able to do the heavy work of preparation which was in fact done.

D. N. PRITT

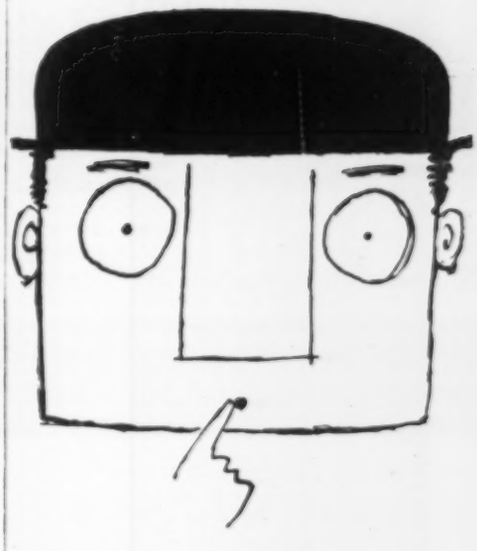
Cloisters
Temple, EC4

NAZI VICTIMS

SIR,—An application was made on the 23 October by the West German Minister for the Interior, Herr Gerhard Schroeder, to have the organisation Association of Victims of Nazism (VVN) banned throughout West Germany. Herr Schroeder asked a Court in West Berlin to declare the organisation illegal under article 9 of the West German Constitution, which declares illegal 'organisations of a criminal character, or which are directed against constitutional order, or the idea of international understanding'.

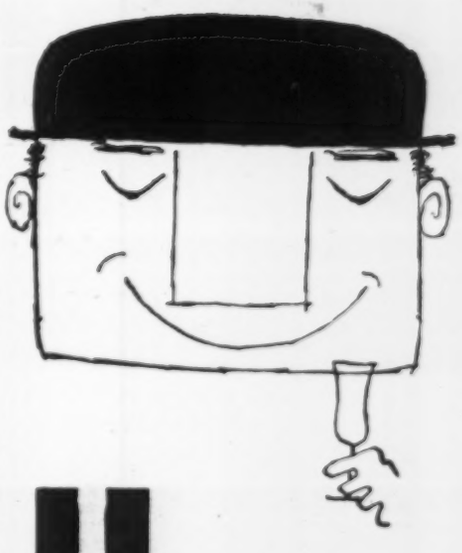
Apparently the argument of the West German authorities is that this body contains a number of Communists (not a surprising fact since it is confined to men and women who suffered under the Nazi regime) and therefore should be declared illegal since the Communist Party is already illegal. A similar argument is being used in the prosecution shortly to take place of a number of leaders of the West German Peace Movement.

The VVN was set up with the consent of all four



Those 'Don't Know' chaps
on Gallup Polls
Are 'Do Knows' when
it comes to

BOLS



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occupying powers and its members given special privileges as an indication that they bore no share of responsibility for Hitler's war. When we find the opponents of the Nazi regime attacked and those who participated in its crimes in high office in the Federal Republic, we are entitled to be alarmed. Dr Adenauer should know that millions of British people, who remember two world wars, are disturbed at these developments.

HAROLD DAVIES

House of Commons

IRISH EDUCATION

SIR,—Critic in Dublin Diary of your issue of 7 November begins by saying: 'It is easy to get into trouble when writing about Ireland'. It is even easier to be misinformed.

He seems to refer to myself in his paragraph about education in Ireland—but he not only got my name wrong: he attributed to me a vehement protestation against the ignorance of the clerical orders who teach Irish children to be ignorant. Critic refers vaguely to a 'speech' of mine as the occasion of this protestation. The speech was given nearly two years ago and was published under the title *Reform in Education*. If Critic examines this pamphlet he will see that I neither said nor implied what he attributes to me.

The whole paragraph on education is grotesque to the point of ghoulishness. The Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Mercy did, in British times, and still do live up to their names in the service of education of the Irish people.

JOHN O'MEARA

University College
Dublin

[Critic writes: 'I would not have called Professor O'Meara to witness if I had known it would embarrass him. But it is too late for him to draw back now. Perhaps his natural reluctance to accept praise is increased at the moment by the fact that he wrote in a Dublin paper (*Sunday Press*, 4 October) an outspoken attack on the neglect and poverty of education in Ireland, and was himself accused of a number of inaccuracies by the private secretary of the Minister of Education in the next issue of the same paper. As Professor of the UCD, he naturally exonerated the Orders from criticism, but the facts which he unsparingly gives about the results of their educational methods seem fully to support the remark to which he now objects.—ED., *NS*.]

ISRAELI DEMOCRACY

SIR,—I must protest at the tone and content of the news item from Tel Aviv in last week's number written by Jack Winocour. I should like to assume that he has his tongue in his cheek when he writes that 'Israel's young democracy displayed an encouraging maturity' and goes on to relate that General Dayan beat down hecklers at one election meeting by 'threatening to break their teeth for them' and told another that 'a few well-placed shots at the Damascus Gate would stop the Arab buses running'. A 'lasting image of power and action' indeed, compared with 'doctrinaire' Mapam with its 'long-term good neighbour policy towards the Arabs'. To cap it all, some braggadocio about Abba Eban and 'his charming, blonde wife Suzy'.

BENEDICT BIRNBERG

8 The Orchard
SE3

ICEBERG WARFARE

SIR,—Mr Francis Williams' comments on Fleet Street in the NEW STATESMAN are usually reasoned and objective, which makes me all the more surprised by his sneers at the *Daily Mail* in your issue of 14 November.

The *Daily Mail*, says Mr Williams, 'now seems to be going all out to sensationalise whatever news comes along'. To justify this, he gives two instances:

(1) Noel Barber's report from the American iceberg base that 'the United States and Russia are joined in a grim, silent cold-war battle in the Arctic'. Describing this as a 'spine chilling' story, Mr Williams says—'after all, if a Mailman flies all the way to the North Pole in a fur cape and sun glasses readers expect something to make them sit up in their chairs'.

Does Mr Williams suggest that there is no cold-war battle going on in this area; that the Russians have dropped 700 groups of men on to floating patches of ice merely to take a few meteorological readings? And that the Americans are also there for that sole purpose? Mr Williams is naive if he does not realise that this is a real military frontier between the two major powers.

(2) Mr Williams refers to a straightforward *Daily Mail* report of a riot in Africa over the banishment of a woman union leader. No doubt if this report had been selected for prominence in a newspaper of the left, Mr Williams would have praised that newspaper for drawing attention to what is going on in Africa. I would remind Mr Williams that when, at the end of last year, the *Daily Mail* sent two of its reporters to the borders of Tibet and they reported what was going on there, similar suggestions of sensationalism were levelled against the *Daily Mail*. The accuracy of the *Daily Mail* reports which resulted from that expedition are today apparent for all to see as the situation on the Tibet-India border grows more alarming.

I would also remind Mr Williams that Noel Barber nearly lost his life in reporting the Hungarian Revolution; that he took great personal risks in getting to the South Pole, and that his present assignment in the Arctic is far from being a feather-bed operation. It ill becomes a less adventurous journalist to deride such a reporter and the newspaper that has the foresight to send members of its staff on such fact-finding missions.

ARTHUR WAREHAM,
Editor

Daily Mail, London

[Francis Williams writes: Of course I am all in favour of newspapers sending reporters out on fact-finding missions. I have many times praised the *Mail* for doing just that. I hope to do so again. My criticism is of the sort of over-writing and 'over-selling' to which I draw attention, and which seems to me merely to detract from the *Mail's* news gathering enterprise. Don't insist on painting your icebergs quite so red, Mr Wareham.—ED., *NS*.]

SIR,—I am glad that Francis Williams has drawn attention to the growing hysteria of the *Daily Mail's* front page.

Perhaps I was not the only regular reader for whom the breaking point nearly came recently.

As the most important story in 24 hours, we were offered—by an airborne reporter—a blow-by-blow description of fog creeping across the M1.

GILBERT SAUNDERS

128 Arundel Drive
South Harrow

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

SIR,—Thank God for Margaret Bird (whom I know only through her letter in the NEW STATESMAN)! There are too few of her mind.

The outcry over the monkeys was well-meaning but misplaced. The cruelty starts in the fact of their capture (not merely in *how* they are caught!). The cruelty continues while they suffer in medical experiments, zoological prisons, circus concentration camps.

To worry about how they are transported between these two acts of abomination (capture and torture) seems somewhat irrelevant. Those who did not survive their journey were spared more prolonged suffering.

J. JEMMETT

28 Nutford Place
W1

THE LAND OF NOD

SIR,—I have read Mr Patrick O'Hare's neurotic fantasy with a sickened incredulity. Is it possible that a reasonable being, one who has been made free of the intellectual riches of the Secondary Modern school, which has, as we have all been so often assured on good authority, complete parity of esteem with the Grammar school, does not know that he is living in the Welfare State? Does he not know that he is secure from the cradle to the grave, that his only trouble is that he is all too secure, that he has lost the spirit of adventure which made England great?

Let him count his manifold blessings. And if he does wish to criticise—as is his God-given right—this earthly paradise in which we all live, let that criticism be balanced and reasonable. He condemns his own case out of hand when, in a fit of what I can only describe as childish spite, he dares to criticise the National Health Service. He does this for an absolutely private reason; he had to deliver his wife's child.

Can he not, selfish and petty and materialistic though he may be, try to take the more idealistic, the *larger* view? Doesn't he know how lucky he is? Doesn't he know that he never had it so good? Why doesn't he remember the words of Mr Gaitskell and, like a good Socialist, get down to work to buy himself a motor car?

But I must restrain my indignation. After all, Mr O'Hare is only twenty-six. When he is older and wiser, he will learn not to obscure important social issues with such irrelevance as the exact amount of his own unemployment insurance. And he will learn elementary decency. Please do not let us see that obscene word 'Soviet' in a decent English left wing journal again.

JOHN BRAINE

Spring Mount
Priesthorpe Road
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Look-out on the Watch-Tower

It was Mr Van Wyck Brooks who coined the phrase 'a usable past': W. D. Howells, for all he died as recently as 1920 and for all his name is among those most frequently to be met in histories of American literature and books on the American novel, belongs to the usable past of no living American author. American scholars, normally indefatigable in exploring and re-assessing nineteenth-century reputations, have not managed to resurrect Howells and, indeed, have made significantly few attempts to do so. And it is not likely that Mr Brooks's book on him* will lead to his being incorporated into anybody's past. It is late in the day to deplore the strange fate of Mr Brooks, but as one reads him on Howells it is impossible not to reflect that once upon a time he was the bogyman who frightened the genteel tradition out of its wits with *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* and *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*. In those days, almost forty years ago, he was a pioneer in the application of psycho-analysis to biography and criticism; now, he is the man who has elevated the use of scissors and paste to a fine art. *Howells: His Life and World* bears a relation to biography similar to that of the *Makers and Finders* volumes to literary criticism, which is to say that it is scarcely biography at all but Mr Brooks at his old game of ingenious tessellation in which he cunningly juxtaposes quotations, sometimes acknowledged, sometimes not, from the works of his subject. Throughout his life, Howells was an autobiographer and memoirist almost to the point of incontinence; he was also addicted to putting himself, only thinly disguised, in his novels. Mr Brooks, therefore, has plenty of material out of which to compose his mosaic of Howells as Howells saw himself; but he makes no effort to get behind Howells's persona or to explain how and why this novelist, who in his day was confidently regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as the peer and twin-spirit of Henry James, is now of historical interest only.

Howells, it is plain, was a very nice man, an enthusiast who was never touched by envy, and a man who, as we say, had a genius for friendship – he performed the astonishing feat of being the intimate friend and counsellor both of Mark Twain and of Henry James. His juniors in American literature adored him – very properly. He was the first President of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and remained its president continuously for twelve years, until his death. He was also – it goes without saying – a very able man, and his career was a genuine Horatio Alger success-story: it might be called 'From Log Cabin to *The Atlantic* and *Harper's*'. For he was born in 1837 in Ohio, when Ohio was still the frontier, the son of a Welsh printer, a Radical and Swedenborgian for whom the United States was the dream of freedom come true, the dream of freedom and equality to which Crevecoeur gave classical expression in his 'What Is an American?' Howells himself was setting type in his father's printing office at the age of nine and, with scarcely a year's formal schooling, succeeded in teaching himself French, German, Spanish and some Latin while still a boy; by the time he was 13 he had written five plays besides imitations of Pope, Goldsmith and Scott. When he was 23 and a newspaper reporter in Columbus, Ohio, he paid his first visit to Boston. He had already some reputation as a poet, and J. R. Lowell invited him to dinner to meet Oliver Wendell Holmes and James T. Field, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. After four hours, Holmes said to Lowell, 'Well, James, this is something like the apostolic succession. This is the laying on of hands.' Holmes was right: five years later Howells was appointed first sub-editor and then editor of *The Atlantic*, but in between he had been US Consul at Venice, surely the cushiest job in the American diplomatic service, a reward for writing a campaign biography of Lincoln.

From about 1870 for the next 40 years he was the great arbiter of American letters; for when he left Boston and *The Atlantic* it was to join *Harper's* in New York at a salary of 10,000 dollars, for which he was to give the publishing house and magazine all his writings, one novel and the monthly causerie, 'The Editor's Study'. His position was unique; to realise it we have to imagine a Murry at *The Athenæum*, a Gosse at the *Sunday Times* and a Bennett at the *Evening Standard* rolled into one. He was impresario as well as arbiter. Apart from his lifelong championship of Twain and James, he was the enthusiastic propagandist in America of Flaubert, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Zola, Ibsen and Shaw. As a novelist, he saw himself as the pioneer of European realism in the States; from 'The Editor's Study' he saluted and publicised as they arrived on the scene Crane, Frank Norris, Dreiser and Robert Frost. He was, as Dreiser called him, the 'look-out on the watch-tower', and this, no doubt, is his real importance in the history of American literature.

His status as a novelist is another matter. In *The American Novel and Its Tradition* Mr Richard Chase writes:

> The trouble with Howells in general is first of all that he never tried hard enough. There is a real laziness, as well as a prudishness, about his mind, and in his novels he is always making great refusals. He had a furtive, cunning intelligence which perhaps knew more about ordinary American life than any novelist has ever known. But he had little imagination, little power of making a fable, of launching an exciting action, little power even of establishing an atmosphere that could be sustained through a novel. . . . What little imagination he had was incapable either of grasping, as imagination, the facts his intelligence perceived or of imparting to his novels a coherent form. . . . There is no voice which we can recognise as Howells. There is only the long shelf of thirty-odd novels, which, though they are estimable documents for the critic and historian, contain very few fictional triumphs which are not brought off better by someone else.

On the evidence of the dozen or so novels I have read, this seems to me a just estimate of his fiction. What immediately hits one when reading him is the enormous gap between the realism he approved of in the European masters and demanded in his American juniors and the attenuated degree of realism he was content to work in himself. Too much should not be made of his statement, so often quoted and so often sneered at, that American realism concerned itself with 'the more smiling aspects of life, which are the more American'. Taken out of context, it suggests a measure of complacency that was never Howells's at all, for the older he became the less smiling the dominant aspects of American life seemed to him. Like Twain himself, like Henry Adams, like Clarence King, he became more and more disturbed by the condition of American life in the 'Gilded Age' of the boom-years of the post-Civil War era. He became a Socialist and described his own Socialist utopia in *A Traveller from Altruria*, and he became a fervent critic of American imperialism. But he could get into his fiction neither what he intellectually perceived about the United States nor what he felt about their development. His best novel, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, is still very much worth reading, but Lapham himself, the new-rich manufacturer battering on the doors of Boston society, excellently drawn as he is, is not the industrialist of the 'Gilded Age' but the representative of an earlier, simpler, more innocent generation.

As was Howells himself. When it came down to it, 'Realism', he wrote, 'is nothing more or less than the truthful treatment of material', vaguer than which a critic could scarcely get. His admirers – Professor Howard Mumford Jones, for example, in his preface to the World's Classics edition of *Silas Lapham* – see him as the American counterpart of Trollope. It is true that the ends he set himself in his fiction were not dissimilar to Trollope's, but the comparison flatters him all the same. In his fiction, he shows little awareness of the great black things of life which Trollope always had and which can make us think of him, in such novels as *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, *He Knew He Was Right* and *The Way We Live Now*, as a great novelist. Howells was much less worldly than Trollope, much more innocent. And the material he had to deal with was much less rich; as a novelist of manners, which was what he had it in him to be, he was defeated by the thinness of nineteenth-century American life.

In the end, it is Howells's innocence one returns to. When he was 79 he published his last novel, *The Leatherwood God*, a work which has not had its due, a study of religious hysteria on the Ohio frontier of his childhood. More than 50 years earlier he had fled east from what he called 'the thinness of the social life of the Middle West'; but one cannot help feeling that throughout his life he was accompanied by the values he had acquired as a child from his idealistic father on the frontier. They were not the values of nineteenth-century Boston or New York. They were the values implicit in the primitive American dream – freedom, simplicity, equality. His later Socialism was a natural development from them, and in his fiction he gave them fresh expression. It was not his fault that they did not

* *Howells: His Life and World*. By Van Wyck Brooks. *Dent*. 35s.

match the reality of American experience; but that he half realised that this was so is suggested by his very encouragement of Crane, Norris and Dreiser, novelists whose fiction grew out of the perception of the gap between the dream and the reality.

Howells's success-story epitomises the shift in the centres of American culture in the nineteenth-century. He was the boy from the Middle West who conquered Boston and became more Bostonian than Boston; and who then, as the power of Boston waned, became a New Yorker. One has an uneasy feeling that if he had been a bigger man he would not have been so readily acceptable to Boston. He was, perhaps, too incurably literary ever to be a great writer, and Mr Brooks seems to suggest that later in life he came to regret the innate refinement which cut him off from 'the low life that he might have found in saloons and with ward politicians.' At any rate, it was Howells who burst out to young Jonathan Sturges in Whistler's house in Paris, 'Live all you can. It's a mistake not to. I'm old; it's too late. But you have time; you are young. Live!' – thereby providing a better novelist than himself with the starting-point of one of his greatest works.

WALTER ALLEN

Cousin Angus

I used to think of Angus, when I was a child,
As a clumsy boy with a left-hand limp
And a sprawling, coarse, loud Glasgow voice.

My aunt, his mother, was a harassed, thin,
Smudged-looking woman. My uncle was the man
In a dark blue jersey who slept by the fire.

They lived in Queen Street, a ground-floor flat
In a tenement block my grandmother owned.
Once a year we still went to visit them there,

My mother and I, when my father was dead.
She was half-embarrassed. I was afraid
Angus would think me an English snob

With a slow, deep, slurred-r, English voice,
So I tried to seem patriotic and tough
And to swallow thick bread as if I enjoyed it.

I do the same now when they send me presents,
Things I won't use and I can't throw away,
Tartan calendars, diaries, a tea-cosy, spoons.

Tonight, as I read through a letter from Angus
I haven't answered, the faint, ruled paper
And the wandering writing remind me of him,

And I think of him now as my father's nephew,
A short, square man with a paralysed side,
Simple, contemptuous, generous, proud.

GEORGE MACBETH

In a Bare Room

In a bare room I read and write
And wonder whether I shall gain
With book and pen, the truth and light.
But this thinking is all in vain
For I know in my heart each night,
We learn only from love and pain.

GEORGE WIGHTMAN

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The F.O. Mask

The Inner Circle. By SIR IVONE KIRKPATRICK. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

I was anxious to read *The Inner Circle* because Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick was one of the handful of Foreign Office men I got to know by working closely with them during the war. Actually, when I became a temporary member of the Foreign Office, with the resounding title of Director of Political Warfare against the Enemy, Sir Ivone had been seconded to the BBC as Controller in charge of the European Service. It was then one of my jobs to see that the German Service, run by Hugh Carleton Greene, conformed to Government requirements and, in particular, to those weekly psychological warfare directives which Ritchie Calder produced under the supervision of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart. In those days 'Kirk', in his Bush House office, was more BBC than the mandarins of Portland Place. Day by day, he backed Carleton Greene in his refusal to permit his 'objective' BBC news to be influenced by the requirements either of the Foreign Office or of the Chiefs of Staff. The only hope of corrupting Greene was to tempt him with tasty news items acquired from the Secret Service and threaten that, if he did not insert them into his bulletins, I would pass them on to his one serious rival, Sefton Delmer, for use on his notorious 'black' radio. Since Delmer, Greene and I could not give each other orders, no one had the last word and our rows were protracted and often intensely personal. But, in the fire of these arguments, over which Kirkpatrick presided, we fashioned a propaganda instrument which finally induced all Europe, including millions of Germans, to rely on London for its news.

Kirkpatrick had come to the BBC after a searing spell with Sir Nevile Henderson in our Berlin Embassy. This had given him – in addition to a large stock of malicious anti-Chamberlain stories – a hatred of the Nazis and a contempt for all things German. He was far too clever to be a vulgar Vansittartite; but he sternly upheld the then orthodox view that the German Generals were as bad as the Nazis, that no opposition in Germany could be trusted and that Unconditional Surrender must be enforced, even if it meant prolonging the war and handing half Germany over to the Russians. Unlike many of his colleagues, he never swerved from this view after the war, when he became successively the British representative on the Control Commission and High Commissioner in Germany. And the fact that he made no effort, in private conversation at least, to conceal his anti-German attitude only increased the respect the Germans felt for him.

The two qualities which endeared Kirkpatrick to me were his conscious indiscretion and his unconscious insularity. I like cats, and Kirkpatrick is feline, with the smile of the Cheshire cat, the voice of a Siamese and the claws, when angered, of a Persian. No one stood less on his dignity or gossiped with more delicious malice about Whitehall politics and the deficiencies of those luckless 'exile governments' that wanted to use the BBC for broadcasting. Kirkpatrick was never happier than in those days when we were fighting alone, cut off from the Continent – and could therefore afford to express our real feelings about our European neighbours. The fact that he became Permanent Under-Secretary without curbing his indiscretion or modifying his views proves that, even if the Foreign Office is full of buttoned-up, cautious diplomats, there is room at the top for eccentric drive.

Of all this, however, scarcely a trace is to be found in these memoirs. Reading them, you might imagine that Sir Ivone is as colourless as his predecessor, Lord Strang, and as correct as Sir Frederick Hoyer-Millar, who succeeded him as Permanent Under-Secretary. Fortunately, however, he decided to include an office memorandum, which he circulated to his departments just after the war. As I read it slowly aloud, I could hear Kirkpatrick chortling over his ripest sentences and savouring the spice of his official wit. The contrast between this rumbustious document and the faceless chapter in which it is embedded reminds one of the real man behind the memorial mask.

Those of us who knew him in Bush House and in Germany were naturally anxious to learn what Sir Ivone would have to say about the climax of his career, when he was in supreme control of British foreign policy during the Suez venture. Because they were not informed of it in advance, 99 per cent. of the members of the Foreign Office could safely condemn the fiasco after it had failed. Sir Ivone was in the secret and gave it the stamp of Foreign Office approval. In our history books he will, in all likelihood, be remembered only by this one deed. Yet what has he got to tell us in *The Inner Circle* about his appointment with destiny?

> The subsequent events of 1956 are so recent and controversial that I do not propose to comment on them except to say that it is not surprising that there was much confusion of thought in regard to the rights and obligations of States in our modern world.

No one who knows Sir Ivone will write him off, on the evidence of this passage, as a stuffed shirt. The truth is that he is just having one of his characteristically cat-and-mouse jokes at his readers' expense.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Uncommon Voice

Dawn in Nyasaland. By GUY CLUTTON-BROCK. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Guy Clutton-Brock is already known here as the only European to be arrested last February in the suppression of the Southern Rhodesian Congress. In Central Africa his work over the last ten years in building up a co-operative farm at St Faith's Mission on genuinely colour-free, democratic lines is also famous; and part of the interest of his book is that it explains how by 1959 such work had become a logical reason for the government to arrest him. In suppressing the Congress it finally declared war on the only interpretation of 'partnership' which the ordinary man was prepared to support.

The book is an unusual and powerful one. It is primarily an appeal to people in Britain to understand what is happening to Nyasaland and to rescue it from racial and moral disintegration by insisting on its removal from the Federation. The appeal is authoritative. Mr Clutton-Brock is not a three-weeks visitor to Central Africa. He is a Southern Rhodesian citizen who preferred to stay in jail rather than undertake to leave the country, which was the Government's original condition for his release. When he describes the bitterness and distrust which now paralyse Nyasaland he is writing about a country he knows, while his knowledge of Southern Rhodesia, the country of his adoption, is probably unique among Europeans. This knowledge, which he shares with the Nyasalanders – most of whose menfolk have

worked in Southern Rhodesia at some time in their lives – lies at the root of their hatred for Federation, and this is what he is mainly concerned to communicate.

The result may shock some people. It is written from the heart. At the core of it there lies an urgent perception that the segregation and white supremacy which are triumphing in the Federation merely express at the political level a deeper and more permanent injury which is being inflicted on the people of Central Africa – the unrestrained assault of western capital. White domination is in the last resort necessary – and is increasingly justified as such – to carry through a programme of purely profit-oriented economic development; and it is necessary because the cost in social and moral suffering, fully documented in this book, is so immense that it robs the concept of 'development' of all possible value.

Is this vulgar Marxism? No; Mr Clutton-Brock cares for neither revolution nor public sectors. Is it merely a negative and reactionary agrarian radicalism? I don't think so. I think that Mr Clutton-Brock is right in believing that there is in Nyasaland an untapped potential of constructive energy, and that we now have more to learn than we can teach about the true ends and means of development there.

Technically, the book is terrible. Printed in tiny type, grey on grey, some sections are endless quotations from reports, others are sententious, and there are some minor inaccuracies. It is an unpolished protest; but in this too it is authentically the voice of the 'common man', for whom the author is trying to speak.

COLIN LEYS

West Side

The Jury is Still Out. By IRWIN D. DAVIDSON and RICHARD GEHMAN. *Peter Davies*. 21s.

This book can be said to knock the ballet out of *West Side Story*. It is an account of the trial of a group of New York teenagers belonging to street gangs, on a charge of murder, and it is written by the judge who tried them. For a Worship to become an Authorship seems most undesirable, for a judge thereby gives a crowning satisfaction to the vanity of the young criminals. It had already been boosted by television and the press. As a humane citizen and anxious father of children, the judge supposed that, but for the grace of God, his own sons might conceivably have gone the same way. This, as they piously told him, was not the situation:

> 'We don't have to belong to gangs,' Jimmy said. 'We live in the neighbourhood, we don't have to fight all the time with other kids, we've got our friends, and we've got plenty to do to keep ourselves busy,' Mark said. 'The kids that join gangs don't have those things. We don't have to prove ourselves by fighting.'

And one might add less piously that they didn't belong to the Egyptian Dragons, the Jesters, etc, on New York's West side, because they were not Negroes, Puerto Ricans and poor Irish, living on the poverty line.

The murder took place on a sweltering July night in 1957 outside a New York swimming-pool. There had been for a long time a row between the Egyptian Dragons and the Jesters about the right to use the pool, and on this night the Dragons, armed with knives, clubs, garrison belts and a dog chain, ambushed a couple of boys near the pool, killed one and half-killed the other. One of the leaders used a machete. The police had no great difficulty in picking up the assailants. Ten of these were passed through children's courts and sent to state 'training schools' and reformatories, of which the judge has the lowest opinion. Seven, between the ages of 15 and 18, had to face a Grand Jury and the possibility of the chair. From this point, the trial turns into something that looks like a mixture of an American football game in which both sides are paralysed by their own ingenuity, secretiveness and scheming, and the final free-for-all of a Hollywood film. The lawyers can hardly be kept from one another's collars and shout down the throats of the accused and the witnesses. Ding-dong, it goes. Objection; objection sustained; objection overruled. The defence and prosecution retire to bargain among themselves. The boys grin understandingly when one lawyer bawls out that he wants police protection against Counsel for the Prosecution! The lives of counsel and the judge were threatened.

Underneath all this is a story that is by turns pathetic and horrible. The gangs were at once a comic and sinister parody of adult politics: officers were called Prime Minister, President, Vice-President, War-Lord, Big Man; and when the Egyptian Dragons moved off to the crime, they talked of having peace talks with the Jesters – taking their 'conventional weapons', as we might say, with them. All except one of the boys came from broken homes. Half were born out of wedlock. The families were poor. There was a complete absence of supervision or care. The IQ of each boy was in the low 80s. They were all truants from school. Hostile to the adult world which had thrown them off, they had built up, in the gangs, a system of rules which seemed fairer to them – the judge points out – than the rules imposed by society. They had worked out a fantasy which contained some of the rudiments of self-government. (They held courts on a doorstep.) But why the hacking to death of one boy by three or four others? Why the machete? And the knives? Alvarez, one of those who got twenty years for murder in the second degree, and who had the machete, was drunk at the time, but his behaviour in Court conveyed the classical character of the killer. He was playing with a toy and laughing when he came back into court to hear the verdict.

If the atmosphere of hysteria in the court and in the press at the time strikes one as appalling, it must be said there is another side to a trial conducted in this fashion. The law may have abandoned its dignity, and may have gratified the vanity of the accused and – more dangerously – of boys in dangerous gangs outside; but one does get from Judge Davidson's narrative the sense of a mixed lot of human beings, prosecutors and defenders, witnesses and accused, bashing away at questions of right and wrong on the street level, and coming to their conclusions as a community to whom the law is not a cold thing apart but something which, in some sense, belongs to them. The judge is troubled, torn in two, resisting the idea that justice is revenge, terribly concerned with the conditions of city life which have made the crimes possible. He himself may be said to have felt in himself the insecurity of the accused and to have seen his role also as the dramatic one of a citizen involved. That is a good deal better than seeing oneself as respectability threatened by violence which must be violently crushed. The jury is still out because society itself is in the dark.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Pictorial History of American Presidents compiled by John and Alice Durant appears in a new, revised edition (Yoseloff. 50s.).

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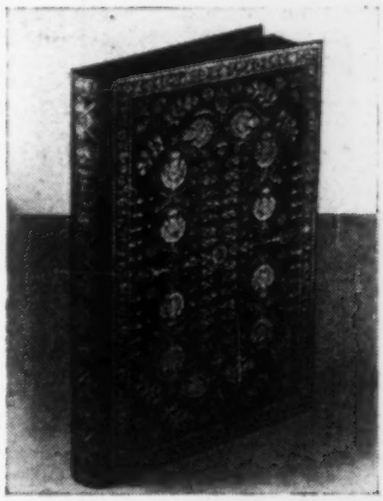

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JONATHAN CAPE

Hard Luck Story

The Vodi. By JOHN BRAINE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

The Vodi makes curiously familiar reading. It belongs to that underground, lower-middle class tradition of the English novel which includes Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and George Orwell. This tradition is sub-Dickensian. Besides direct reference to Dickens in *The Vodi*, there are the authentic Dickensian conceits. Thus, of a chapel with an onion-shaped dome –

> . . . it was as if one of the older men crowding it tonight had topped his Sunday best of navy-blue or black serge and stiff white collar with a fez or a turban.

Like Dickens, Braine is obsessed with the bizarre surface of the contemporary world. References to new clothes, shaving-soap, cosmetics and after-shave lotion abound. The hero, Dick Corvey, in a hotel lavatory puts 'a dollop of Brylcreem from the wall dispenser on his hair'. The milieu is that of shopkeepers and small business-men. The working class is there, but only in occasional asides. Dick's father keeps a sweet-shop. His gradual decline is highly reminiscent of that of the older Clayhanger in Bennett's novel. The death of the mother is done with the compassionate scrupulosity of which Bennett would have approved:

> It had been easy to tell lies to that shrunken, waxy face, because it wasn't with him or his father or any human being any longer, except that now and again the eyes would recognise the loneliness in his father's face and give him a puzzled, almost resentful look.

This seems to me finely written. Yet the novel, as a whole, is curiously aimless in its direction and lax in its structure. And the reason seems to be that Braine does not really want to construct a drama to expose a conflict of values, as in *Room at the Top*; but rather to reveal a state of mind. His novel, centred on a sanatorium, is about defeat. It reminds me powerfully of *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*. Orwell's novel is unsatisfactory because it looks like a penance for being in the wrong class. There is a kind of masochistic pleasure in a total abandonment to the seedy.

Similarly, *The Vodi* strikes me as a kind of penance for the success-story of *Room at the Top*. It is a novel about bad luck. And from the first paragraph, Dick's sufferings are conveyed through masochistic imagery. The 'pale sun reluctantly' administers 'sudden jabs of heat'. Dick's tuberculosis is 'like an enemy triumphantly straddling his chest'. Despite the third-person narration the novel reads as though it were written in the first person. So that Dick's bad luck is never put into any perspective outside his inner suffering. All the action is really the activity of reminiscence. We are inside the sanatorium with Dick almost to the last page.

The subjectivity of the novel is heightened by Dick's childhood fantasy of the Vodi and Nelly, their chief. Nelly is an obscene fat Fury who does the simple, good people down. The Vodi – little weasel-faced men – are her executioners. This is a clever device. The trouble is, it is too convincing. Theoretically Dick is supposed to discard this magical theory to explain his bad luck as he recovers his will to live. But the Vodi are so firmly established that the novel never really recovers from the explanation. We are left with two contradictory impressions: either that Dick is right and that bad luck is a destiny from which particular individuals cannot escape; or that it is his own fault, and he should have been like Tom, his friend – rejected his own subjectivity, and become a success. Yet is Tom an approved model? His will to succeed is admired by Dick; yet, on another occasion, he appears to Dick like an empty suit of new clothes.

It is the same ambiguity towards success that bedevils *Room at the Top*. There, the suggestion was that there was another way out, the way of honest, testing human relationships, exemplified by Alice. Nurse Mallaton plays Alice in *The Vodi*. But she is highly unsatisfactory: a concoction out of a woman's magazine. All she really is, is a nice girl to marry. Yet Dick's recovery from tuberculosis, it is implied, depends on his pursuit of her. It is all very dubious. The tuberculosis itself is obviously meant to be a symbol for bad luck; but the parallels are only timidly hinted at. (Can it be done after *The Magic Mountain*?) As far as the muffling of the theme of ambition goes, *The Vodi* is a step back compared with *Room at the Top*. But certain passages do show a compassionate insight into human suffering, and promise better things to come.

GABRIEL PEARSON

Other New Novels

Poor No More. By ROBERT RUARK. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

Carlotta McBride. By CHARLES ORSON GORHAM. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Horn. By JOHN CLELLON HOLMES. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

Homo Faber. By MAX FRISCH. *Abelard-Schuman.* 15*s.*

Bayside. By NORMAN GEAR. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Sometimes American life as portrayed in novels seems too preposterous to be credible. All these characters behaving like case histories in a blue sky book by a bogus analyst, only always before treatment and never after: it cannot be like that. And why must the native novelists write about it in such a forced and vulgar way? One consults friends who have been there and they nod sagely and say: yes, it is very like that, one side of it; you really do see a lot of alcoholics collapsing and pill-takers twitching; but you must always remember that is only one side and for every advanced case of crack-up there are thousands of quiet, respectable normals; it is simply that in America there is always more of everything.

There is certainly an awful lot of *Poor No More*, 818 pages of it; but despite its padding and vulgarity it is hideously easy to read. It is a chronicle of a frightful tycoon, named Craig Price, in textiles, oil and finance. He comes from the northern fringe of the south, a background, I have noticed, that seems to breed feelings of social inferiority. He is hunted and haunted by the demons of destruction in a way that may seem surprising in so successful a person, though there are analogues in real life. His exploits include burning down his grandfather's old house and turning his first wife, Maybelle, the founder of his fortunes, into a hopeless alcoholic. He kills the only thing he ever really loved, his Negro valet, by doing a William Tell act with him at a weekend hunting-party. His second wife, Carol, betrays him when his fortunes collapse, not before Mr Ruark has been able to give us long round-by-round accounts of their love-making which read like advertising copy for luxury living and masculine and feminine hygiene and cosmetics. Indeed, a lot of this ghastly book reads like advertising copy. There are long descriptions of the furniture and interior

decoration of Craig's various palaces and hide-outs. And when, to spite him, his daughter, Sue, turns into a fully fledged nymphomaniac and drug addict, we get some luxury travel copy to sell gigolos in Capri and orgies in Tangier. I had thought Mr Ruark was a better writer than this, for all his readability. Nobody is a live character. He uses the old tabloid formula: attack a scandal and denounce it so that you froth at the mouth like a Welsh Baptist Minister denouncing lust at evensong. And yet I suppose it would be unreasonable to dismiss this baboonery and tycoonery as hopelessly far-fetched.

I am not sure about *Carlotta McBride*. She is a more acute case. We meet her first on the analyst's couch. She is an alcoholic nymphomaniacal actress, a Miss Electra, for part of her trouble is that she has had a roaring love-affair with Mike McBride, a tough, tawny, grizzled, middle-aged vampire's delight whom she thinks is her father. This seems to be the source of her compulsion for Irish whisky. She sways in and out of theatres and bedrooms in New York and Paris; sometimes she associates freely for us in the first person; sometimes she is presented for us by God's-eye view. Here is my favourite passage describing her medicine cupboard:

> The oversized medicine cabinet was a small esoteric pharmacy. There were several dozen bottles from drug stores in Los Angeles and New York – benzedrine, dexadrine, thorazine, codeine, nembutal, seconal, sodium amytal, picker-uppers, calmer-downers, pain-killers, sleeping pills. There were even nitroglycerine capsules of the kind the Hollywood sexual athletes recommended, the capsule crushed with the teeth in common at the moment of climax.

After these frenzies *The Horn* seems quite humdrum. It is the life told in sidelong snatches by various friends and eye-witnesses of Edgar Pool, a Negro tenor saxophonist, whose addictions scarcely go beyond the occasional stick of tea. He suffers a traumatic reverse after being dramatically bested in a horn contest by a rival, and never recovers his self-esteem. Mr Holmes is billed as a beat writer. His prose is a bit turgid but he is trying as hard as he can to be sincere.

Herr Frisch is a Swiss intellectual. He writes like one, drily, precisely, with a lot of metaphysical preoccupation. *Homo Faber* rates a far higher IQ than any of the foregoing novels, and it is free from vulgarity, though perhaps not altogether from pretentiousness; and – would you believe it – it turns out to be another Electra case! Walter Faber, who tells his story in the first person, is an engineering technologist going to South America on a Unesco job. By a rather strained series of coincidences he meets his daughter unbeknownst. He travels leisurely through Europe having a love-affair with her and taking a lot in cine-film. In Greece, where they meet up with her mother, she dies most improbably of a viper bite – in the bosom but not self-applied. Faber, you gather, is also under sentence of death but during this last fling he breaks from the confines of his professional persona and lives deep at last. Is there anything specifically Swiss about this over-emphasised attempt to escape from a humdrum ambience? One thinks of Boecklin and even Jung. If only it were just a little convincing even as a dream.

Another first person narration, *Bayside*, is an English novel – pensive, rather melancholy, quite impressive. Young intellectual of working-class origin has thrown up his job in an advertising agency to work as a factory hand in the bomb-damaged Midlands town where he was born. He takes up with a widow with a child and has a good deal of difficulty mucking in with his mates. There is a curious wall-climbing contest, to which presumably some special symbolic significance is attached, described in strikingly vivid detail. It ends with a big fire at the fairground; you are left feeling a bit lost like the young intellectual of working-class origin, but a lot of it is the real thing all right, sad and vinegary and rather pathetic like the label on a bottle of sauce.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Karakoram Nightmare

The Last Blue Mountain. By RALPH BARKER. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

The Oxford expedition two years ago to Haramosh in the Karakoram ended in disaster. A few minutes after the party of four had stood at the high point of their achievement and their happiness – no summit, to be sure, but a subsidiary point with matchless view, won with difficulty, and now justifying all the effort – two of them were swept by avalanche a thousand feet down a convex slope into a snowy basin. The other two, amazed, saw them crawl out of the debris; so they fetched rope, food and clothes from the highest camp, and – by night, and on ground which normally they would at all costs avoid – climbed down to bring the first pair up. Then came the nightmare – four men kicking and clawing their way up the awful slope (ice-axes had been lost in the fall) with now one, now another, coming off and dragging the others with him; and every fresh start up made by men progressively more exhausted, more frost-bitten. The effort and agony were spread over three days; three of the four men escaped, but one of these, just as safety seemed certain, went off the track on an easy slope and shot over a drop of 6,000 feet.

Ralph Barker wasn't on the expedition, and has pieced the story together from the climbers' diaries – including those of the two who died – and discussed it thoroughly with the two survivors. Here and there, the fact that he is a non-climber leads to a certain loss of definition (as in a reference to Bernard Jillott's having done 'two Alpine firsts'. What were they? It makes all the difference). To put against this, the sketches of the individual climbers – objective yet sympathetic – are far sharper than those in the conventional expedition book, and Mr Barker can be franker about the tensions in the party. There were bound to be quite a few in an expedition initiated and organised by enthusiastic undergraduates whose experience was mainly on British rock, but led by an Army officer, Tony Streather, whose climbing had been almost entirely in the Himalaya. But Mr Barker also gets over the sense that, bit by bit, as they hacked and pushed their way up Haramosh's ice and snow, friction lessened, the party came together. And when it comes to the disaster he doesn't put a word wrong. There is no extra sensation squeezed out, nor extra moralising put in; he simply makes clear the way things happened. But not since Herzog's account of the descent from Annapurna has a narrative so illuminated the force that binds a party together on a major climb, and the human values which give mountaineering its dignity and redeem its tragedies. In these terrible days weakness and strength were shared, and the bitterest moment for the two survivors came when they realised that their force had quite run out and that they hadn't one jot left to give to the man still immobilised on the nightmare slope below them.

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Groucho Off-Screen

Groucho and Me. By GROUCHO MARX. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Groucho is a character like Pepys or Boswell. One might have known that one May Day the little girls of his daughter's school would be dancing on the lawn, and he would turn to one of the mistresses with the remark, 'Madam, do you realise that in twelve years' time fifty per cent. of these children will be getting alimony?'; and that, sooner or later, he was bound to get into the lift behind Greta Garbo, wearing a hat like a manhole cover, a tweed coat, and old slacks – of course he tipped the hat forward, and to her 'How *dare* you?' came the natural 'Oh I beg your pardon, I thought you were a fellow I knew from Kansas City.'

He is, horribly, natural. He says what Pepys would only think afterwards, in shorthand. No hotel lobby, one may hope, would be safe from him. In the Via Sistina he drops his cigar and, being rich and mean, sticks it back in his mouth with a muttered 'Oh hell!', just as he bumps into two priests. One of them immediately reaches into his folds, pulls out two cigars, and hands them to him, saying, 'Mr Marx, you just said the secret word!' Of course we are most of us today accomplices; Marxians, even in Rome. But it's pleasant to know that even so near the heart of devilry as Paramount Studios there could still be innocents who would invite him to a screening of *Samson and Delilah* starring Hedy Lamarr and Victor Mature. How, they asked when it was over, had he liked it? 'Well, there's just one glaring fault that –' 'Fault! Just what do you mean?' 'No picture can hold my interest where the leading man's bust is larger than the leading lady's.'

In the world of wit Groucho comes armed from a Joke Shop with a buttonhole squirt, false fangs, and a snake dangling from his pocket. Where all are dogs, he cries Wolf.

So Groucho as we know him from his films and from anecdotes, including those just quoted from *Groucho and Me*. But who is Me? A modest violet? Or a no one from East Side working fiendishly to become someone? Is he really Groucho or only assumed Groucho, or is Groucho (*né* Julius Henry) a rare example of perfect self-discovery? One can read, and enjoy, the book without these questions being finally resolved.

The Groucho who wrote it – half Life, half savoury memoirs – is a *writer*: he entered long ago into this avocation with short contributions to the *New Yorker*, and many pages bear the stamp of the rounded anecdote, the cut-off-life jazzed up. To put it bluntly, one's never quite sure how far he's telling the truth. *Was* his father the biggest misfit tailor who ever refused a tape-measure and whose contorted customers littered a whole neighbourhood? Did Chico hock everything? Did Harpo, after the show, go up clinging to the curtain, to receive that note from the upstairs box? Was Groucho himself bribed with two Cadillacs to advertise a cigarette (but as he pointed out, he had two, and what would he want with four)? Yes, perhaps, and the more we get involved with show business, the less the writer has to entertain us as such. His saga of touring vaudeville in the good old days when a comedian was a louse, people split their sides, and critics only got in the way, is both laid on and authentic. I could have done with rather less entertainment, particularly at the beginning and in the TV period near the end, and rather more straight, or at least crooked, reporting. Also I should have welcomed some account of the peaks attained with *A Night at the Opera* and *A Day at the Races*. However, this is hardly the kind of book that could risk an index. Possibly Groucho is right, and his only fault is that literary manners clash with the low prowl: at this very moment he may be shaking off a couple of Straight Biographers on his tail.

G. W. STONIER

The Ruling Passion

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'There is some very good observation of politics and Civil Service life, and altogether this is a very funny, as well as a very modish and very sexy novel.' *Sunday Times*. 'Pointedly satirical and clever.' *Observer*. 16s

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Consciousness and Society

H. Stuart Hughes

'This admirable, reflective, provocative book deserves close study by all who would understand the mid-twentieth century.' *Economist*. 'Erudite, fascinating.' *Times Literary Supplement*. 'Brilliant.' *Spectator*. 30s

MacGibbon & Kee

Lower-case Poet

The Magic-Maker: E. E. Cummings. By CHARLES NORMAN. *Macmillan, New York.* 41*s.* 6*d.*

Cummings's poetry is unique; and so, as this character-study accidentally shows, is the anomalous man behind it. Renegade humanist, naif, faun, bitter iconoclast, stern conservative, anti-vulgarian with a vast sympathy for average man, scabrous and conceptualising mountebank, he is also a staid, busy painter in oils, a recluse and a brilliant on-rushing talker who once gave an eight-hour monologue at Archibald MacLeish's house outside Paris. His writing celebrates slow-dawning ecstasies and debunks the systems which annul individuality and the child's capacity for wonder. Exultation and rebellion move him alternately: he is either the hedonist or Diogenes, but never the complex Fool whose utterances are all antinomy and double edge. He has stuck to his 'alert hatred of normality', his search for 'the crisp organic squirm'; 'we can never be born enough', he says. So he has diligently, sometimes recklessly, pushed language beyond its usual limits, has made his lyrics too sweet (relying heavily on emotive words like 'flower', 'love' and 'beautiful') and his diatribes too stark. What he loves is pastoral; what he detests, commercial: he will have neither radio nor TV in his house. His poems are those of an extremist who, except when he is thinking abstractly, tends to intensify cherishing into sequestration.

So one looks to this book for some explanation of the dual Cummings, and finds him almost a slave to principle. Through roaring days at Harvard, the French concentration camp stoically but pertly depicted in *The Enormous Room*, through Paris and New York in the heady 1920s, days of painting, nights of writing, the visit to Russia recounted in *Eimi*, public readings, public abuse, the suasion of friends, three marriages and many disappointments – through all this and his tenure of the Charles Eliot Norton Chair at Harvard, he has never varied. No chameleon, he has matched the same passionate attentiveness with the same Swiftian loathing of the undifferentiated mob – 'mostpeople'. His firm idiosyncracy refuses fads; he is receptive without swerving. Life's unsystematic variety merely strengthens his convictions. And whether he commemorates peanuts offered to a correct Cambridge lady, girls with nipples like 'pink thimbles', or the tremor of spring, whether 'Drof's Wheel Mine', chimneys, 'kumrads', prurient custodians of public morals, or undiscriminating anthologists, his emotions are simplified. He raises elation and disgust to their highest power, and segregates them.

The Magic-Maker documents fully his troubles with proofs and publishers, his rewarding association with the theatre, his contributions to *The Dial* and *Vanity Fair*, and his opinions of contemporaries (low of Frost and Picasso, high of Pound and Dylan Thomas, undecided of Eliot). Mr Norman, like Dos Passos, S. A. Jacobs the typographer and S. Foster Damon, a friend of long standing, has been catalytic. Understandably, then, but unfortunately, his portrait of his eminent friend is marred by gauche attempts to make perfect the Cummings whose impenitent bigotries have become a byword. 'I am', said the poet, 'in the position of a fellow trying to sell flat-dwellers butter churns which they have no need for.' *Verb. sap.* Carl Sandburg noted in Cummings (and told him of) 'adumbrant quaker speculations and some finality of holiness that he would deny and deny'. The magic-maker's unconscious leanings accord with his announced creed. He wants to, has to, be judged for the integrity of his extremism. Whitewashing friends beware. Those butter churns are meant to be spectacular. So too are Cummings's book-titles which, inexplicably, Mr Norman has excluded from the index.

PAUL WEST

Archæology's New Territories

Approach to Archæology. By STUART PIGGOTT. *Black.* 15*s.*

The great increase of interest in archæology in the last ten years or so has created a demand for detailed knowledge going far beyond the bounds of those few professionally concerned. This is reflected in the popularity of university extra-mural courses and in the flood of volunteer amateur helpers wanting to take part in excavations. It is to this public that Professor Piggott's book will appeal. There are by now a number of publications dealing with the technique of field work and excavation, and armed with them and experience as a helper in the field the amateur can equip himself well. What has been lacking has been any attempt to describe the more theoretical aspects of the subject or to discuss in general terms what archæology is about. This book does

this and more. It firmly establishes archæology as a branch of historical study with its own techniques and discipline, describes some of the techniques, and makes clear the different approach required when dealing with literate and illiterate (historic and prehistoric) societies.

Archæologists have come a long way in the humanising of their science in recent years so that what used to seem an occupation concerned only with the rather boring pursuit of arranging masses of stone or metal objects in series has now become a technique which reveals in considerable detail the life of earlier men. This change is in part due to the personal brilliance of a handful of scholars amongst whom Childe and Wheeler have been the leaders, and in which Piggott himself has played no small part, but also to the remarkable amount of information which other sciences have brought to the study of the past.

If we can now re-create the natural environment in which earlier men lived, its climate, its trees, its animals, this is not so much due to the archæologist as to others who have been drawn into the work of history, often by chance, when pursuing their own lines of research. Even the most important scientific aid of all, the use of Carbon 14 for dating, was a by-product of more general research into radio-activity. Archæology is more and more becoming part of the normal equipment of the educated man, and books of this type, though perhaps less dry and unemotional than this one, have an important role to play in spreading knowledge and cultivating interest.

P. L. SHINNIE

Shorter Reviews

The Sinai Campaign. By EDGAR O'BALLANCE. *Faber. 21s.*

The Israeli invasion of Sinai had one unique feature: both sides wore British-style uniforms—and so did most of the troops who were allegedly 'separating the combatants'. Some thirty books have already been written on the Anglo-French intervention; but only one – Robert Henriques's *Hundred Hours to Suez* – has dealt primarily with the Israeli campaign. It is written with a sense of style and drama which Major O'Ballance makes no pretence to rival; but it suffers from the disadvantage of a pro-Israeli political framework. This new work, by contrast, is a straight soldier's textbook, which will find a place in all military libraries. The author gives a brief, accurate survey of the events leading up to October 1956; a technical description of the area of battle and the opposing armies; and a detailed, day-by-day account of the operations. He concludes with a further survey of events since 1956 and a computation of the present military strength of the Arab and Israeli forces.

In his view, the Israeli invasion was a well-planned campaign, carried through with brilliance and élan, by a force superior in morale and training, against a weak enemy disposed in an unsound defensive position. He rejects decisively the Israeli view that the Anglo-French forces 'spoilt' the campaign, and that Israel should have been allowed to finish the job alone. On the contrary, he argues that the threat of Anglo-French invasion forced President Nasser to limit his troops in the peninsula to 40,000 (they were thus outnumbered by the Israelis by some 5,000); and that the intervention itself prevented him from deploying his air force and from sending adequate reinforcements. He does not deny that Israel would eventually have won; but it might, he argues, have been a long campaign with heavy Israeli casualties. It is hoped that this book will be widely read in Israel, where those who planned and executed the campaign have recently won a resounding electoral victory, and where the myth that force always pays is gaining ground.

P. J.

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The World That Summer. By ROBERT MULLER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

'We begin with the child as soon as he is three years old. As soon as he begins to think, he gets a little flag put in his hand. . . .' Thus the late Dr Ley, Leader of the Nazi Labour Front. This statement of Nazi philosophy came back to me while reading Robert Muller's novel. Set in Hitler's Germany in the summer of 1936 – the world is watching the Olympic Games in Berlin – it deals with the conflict of a half-Jewish schoolboy, Hannes Hacker, torn between his loyalty and love for his family – especially for his Jewish grandmother – and his longing to be accepted as one of themselves by his fellows in the *Jungvolk*. At home the quarrels grow, fed by fear and insecurity, while the world outside offers joy, excitement and adventure. He marches with bands of children to the rhythm of the Nazi songs, he sings their hymns at the rallies of the Hitler youth movement, is indoctrinated in school, while desperately trying to guard his dreaded secret. This story of the tragedy of one doomed family, with its authentic background of the early Third Reich, foreshadows the full horrors of Nazism yet to come.

Robert Muller, widely known as author of those penetrating profiles in the *Daily Mail*, has written a deeply compassionate, moving and haunting book – the more poignant for its quiet understatement.

V. W.

Strafford in Ireland. By HUGH F. KEARNEY. *Manchester U.P.* 35*s.*

It is not easy to write dispassionately on Irish history: too many ghosts crowd accusingly around. The great merit of Mr Kearney's book is that he resolutely defies the ghosts and makes straight for the facts. The result is a detailed and extremely competent survey of one of the most debatable of the many debatable episodes in the history of Ireland – the administration of the Earl of Strafford. 'He rules Ireland like a King,' Sir Thomas Roe once said of Strafford. By assembling much new evidence and analysing it with a clinical precision, Mr Kearney shows exactly what this entailed. He is particularly good on the financial problems of government, on Strafford's economic policy, which he convincingly shows to resemble that of his predecessors much more closely than is generally allowed, and on his religious policy, which really did mark a new departure. The story of the way in which the determined application of Laudian principles antagonised important political groups and added immeasurably to the problems of governing Ireland, provides both a fascinating parallel and an important pendant to the more familiar story of Laudianism in England and Scotland.

All this is very well done. Where Mr Kearney is rather less successful is in his attempts to make the Irish background comprehensible. Many readers are likely to find themselves lost amidst the crowd of unfamiliar names which flit across the pages, and may feel that they need considerably more information about, for example, the general character of plantation schemes in order to evaluate the opposition to Strafford's policies. The devotion of rather more space to the setting of the scene would have been welcome, and would have helped to smooth the reader's path. But it is also clear that a great deal more work will have to be done on sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Irish history before the scene can ever be adequately set and the complexities be unravelled. Mr Kearney has made an important pioneer contribution, valuable both for what it says and for its pointers to what remains to be said before we can widen the area of our understanding and exorcise the ghosts.

J. H. E.

The Forgotten Valley. By KARL ESKELUND. *Alvin Redman.* 25*s.*

Mr Eskelund recently spent some months in Nepal. He made one trip into the high valleys, but most of the time he stayed in Katmandu and used his journalistic talents and contacts to find out all he could about the traditions of the capital and the political history of Nepal. The result is a wealth of information, much of it new and all of it pleasantly told. At times it is a little haphazard, since all this information is put down with no obvious pattern save the chronological order in which it was acquired, but among the gleanings are some good observations on the abiding hold of caste, and several new stories of how the 1950 revolution was planned. This revolution was of vital importance: it made possible the transformation of Nepal, a transformation which is taking place only slowly but which could not have started at all under the old regime. Mr Eskelund is well aware of the problems of countries like Nepal, and his conclusion is that those who try to bring aid and advice must identify themselves far more closely with the needs and lives of the people they are trying to help. 'Money alone is not enough if we in the West want to help the backward nations.' His own pleasant approach to the people makes a start towards the imaginative sympathy he prescribes.

J. B.

Religion and Culture: Essays in Honour of Paul Tillich. Ed. WALTER LEIBRECHT. *S.C.M.* 45*s.*

This is one of those big brash books that read like a parody of themselves. The publisher's blurb says rightly that the contributors are 'an unusually distinguished company of thinkers'. They include Barth, Brunner, Bultmann and Marcel. But the only point in noticing what they have to say here is to deplore the editorial and publishing irresponsibility in wasting time, talent and money on such a production. The book of complimentary essays has become a set form which ought to be scrutinised very carefully. Where pupils of a great thinker have a number of essays to hand worth publishing in their own right, and where the essays have a unity that derives from the great man's influence, there is a case for such volumes. But one does no honour to anyone by random collections such as the present one. Nobody is allowed to write at a length which could allow for the development of some compelling theme. The only justification for this book is that it might provide a dreadful warning to aspiring editors approaching some other shrine.

A. McI.

Triumph in the West
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Collins

Week-end Competition

No. 1552 **Set by Diomed**

Competitors are invited to anticipate the passage into law of the Betting and Gaming Bill, and compose a 'Street Bookie's Farewell to his Pitch' on the model of Shakespeare ('Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing!', or Wolsey's 'long farewell'), Richard Corbet ('Farewell, rewards and fairies'), Byron ('Fare thee well! and if for ever'), Caroline Norton (*Arab's Farewell to his Steed*), or of *There is a Tavern in a Town*. Limit 16 lines. Entries by 1 December.

Result of No. 1,549 **Set by Red Setter**

Liquefied natural gas from South America is being imported to add to our gas supply. Competitors are invited to submit a sea chanty (limit 16 lines) for the tanker's crew.

Report

This was largely a case of 'blow the man up', for leaks and explosions were popular (but surely somewhat unlikely?) themes. Other entries propounded difficult questions such as Inky's

What shall we do with redundant miners
Oily in the morning?

but the metre of his last verse went astray:

Stanley J. Sharpless had a splendid burden:

Yo ho and a Bunsen burner.

I suggest that the prize money is divided among the authors of the entries printed. Commended, in addition to those quoted above, are P. W. R. Foot, Rhoda Tuck Pook, F. L. Finch, B. R. Davis, Nancy Gunter and Allan M. Laing.

'Are you swimming in your tank, Mister Therm, Mister Therm?
Are you swimming in your tank, Mister Therm?'
'O I'm swimming in my tank, and the smell is something rank!'
'Well, you've got yourself to thank, Mister Therm!'

'Are you feeling rather cold, Mister Therm, Mister Therm?
Are you feeling rather cold, Mister Therm?'
'O I'm freezing freezing cold, in this cruel iron hold.'
'So I'm told, so I'm told, Mister Therm!'

'Shall I chuck you down a match, Mister Therm, Mister Therm?
Shall I chuck you down a match, Mister Therm?'
'Yes, chuck me down a match, you can pass it through the hatch.'
'Now mind you take the catch, Mister Therm!'

'Did you catch it as it fell, Mister Therm, Mister Therm?
Did you catch it as it fell, Mister Therm?'
'O I caught it as it fell, and the flame is burning well,
And I'll blow you all to Hell,' says Mister Therm.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Sing a song of methane,
A tanker full of gas,
Just the stuff for a sailor lad
To warm a love-lorn lass!

It's from the Spanish main, my boys, land of the buccaneers:
Where Drake and Raleigh showed the flag, today the crest appears
Of the National Gas Council, and we're the pioneers
Of methane for the housewife in the morning.

Keep the turbines turning,
Plough the distant foam,
Keep the gas fires burning,
Bring the methane home!

Oh it's Operation Rescue for a shipwrecked Gas Board crew,
It's to lower our production costs and see Old England through,

Though the Coal Board may not like us—it's our duty that we do
When we bring the housewife methane in the morning.

A. J. RYDER

Farewell and adieu to you gas-using ladies!
'Twill be many weeks ere we see you again,
For we've received orders for to sail down to Rio
And come back to port with a load of *Methane*.

You'll do without gas-works before you're much older.
The stink of the coal gas will plague you no more.
We soon shall have filled every single gas-holder
With C3H8 or with pure CH4.

Remember us please, whether deck-hands or stokers,
On Gas Council business in warm southern seas.
Spare us a thought as you light your gas pokers
And marsh gas from Rio is borne on the breeze.

You'll notice a change in your bath-water heater,
Your cooker or fridge that draws gas o'er the main:
A whiff of the South for a bob in the meter
When we roll home from Rio with a load of *Methane*.

AUSTIN BAKER

The tanker's a'leaving ole Mexico shore.
Way, ho, and close the valve tight!
The cargo's a hundred pounds pressure and more.
Oh close the valve tight, Johnnie, close the valve tight!

We've liquefied methane and ethane below.
Way, ho, and close the valve tight!
You gotta be certain the darn thing won't blow!
Oh close the valve tight, Johnnie, close the valve tight!

We've gas from the gas fields of Mexico Bay.
Way, ho, and close the valve tight!
To fill the gasometers far, far away.
Oh close the valve tight, Johnnie, close the valve tight!

So, head for the gas works and plough through the foam.
Way, ho, and close the valve tight!
The National Gas Board will welcome us home.
Oh close the valve tight, Johnnie, close the valve tight!

EDDIE C.

City Lights

Bits Of Paper

Every year the retiring Lord Mayor invites the bankers and merchants of the City to dinner at the Mansion House. The guests are carefully picked, highly starched and expectant: the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Governor of the Bank of England and the Chairman of the Stock Exchange are all booked to appear, and there is always the possibility that one of them will have something interesting to say. This year, with a report on the monetary system already out and an overhaul of financial legislation on the way, hopes ran high, and were correspondingly disappointed. Mr Amory produced a dreary compound of statistics and platitudes, a Treasury Bulletin for Industry decked out with a few standard politician's phrases and exhibiting no evidence whatsoever of life. Mr Cobbold found no difficulty in doing rather better than this; he described the Stock Exchange boom as sometimes slightly disquieting, suggested that the increase in bank advances would need watching if it continued much longer at the same pace, agreed with Lord Radcliffe that the Bank should do much more to set up research and information services, and welcomed the decision to strengthen financial legislation.

But it was Lord Ritchie who stole the show this year. First, of course, he had Mr Leather

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to deal with. Mr Leather has caused the Stock Exchange a good deal of trouble recently with his vague accusations about companies he refuses to name – two possible rubber companies have turned up, both of which had their Stock Exchange quotations taken away long ago – and his gradual retreat from the specific to the general is not quite the same thing as a withdrawal: Lord Ritchie was astonishingly polite. His main theme, however, was the burden of paper-work created by present transfer procedure and the danger that Stock Exchange machinery might break down altogether under the strain. The great majority of shares in this country have always been registered under the owner's name in the company's books rather than made out to bearer – bearer shares are popular on the Continent because they are easily hoarded and smuggled, but they are as embarrassing to keep in the house as a suitcase full of banknotes. The work involved in registration is tremendous. Suppose, for example, that you ask a stockbroker to buy you a hundred ICI. First, a note of the contract has to be sent out, signed and returned; then the purchase has to be matched through the machinery of the Stock Exchange with somebody else's sale (and the sale may very well be one of 1,000 shares of which ten people take 100 apiece); then a legal transfer form has to be prepared with the names of sellers on one side and buyers on the other, stamped, sent out to everyone concerned, signed, sent back, and forwarded to the company; the company sends out a provisional certificate to the new owner, but it may be some months before the new owner's name is finally registered in the books and a share certificate sent to him – and by that time, of course, he may well have sold.

Everybody is anxious to reduce this mass of paper, but something more is needed than the increase in mechanisation which is already going forward. The Treasury now seems so content with the foreign exchange position that it may well relax its restrictions on bearer bonds; but a situation in which clerks wandered from one broker's office to another with heaps of paper as valuable and anonymous as banknotes would raise problems of its own. The Stock Exchange is more likely to develop some means of holding shares centrally. It would help a good deal if brokers – and this would mean only a harmless change in the law – were able to sign transfer forms on behalf of their clients. It would help enormously if there were in London, as there is in New York, a Stock Exchange nominee account into which and out of which all shares were passed unless the investor insisted on having them registered in his own name: instead of a formal share certificate, he would get a certificate to say that so many shares were held in the nominee account for him.

If this were to happen, of course, it would be necessary to make new rules to ensure that shareholders got all the accounts, reports and circulars to which they were entitled and were able to vote when necessary. Not the least important reform of the Companies Act will be an admission that the idea of a company meeting at which shareholders turn up to vote personally is now farcical.

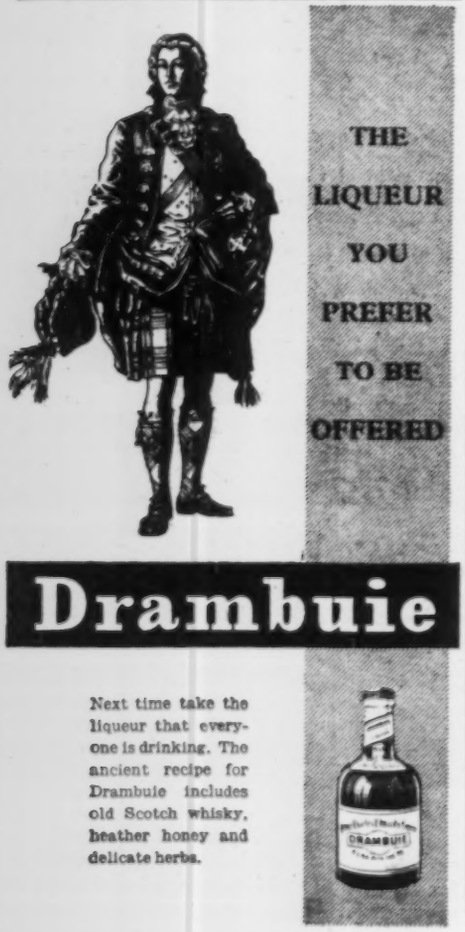
* * *

Cables provide plenty of material for anyone anxious to study take-over bids and the concentration of industry. This industry has been in trouble for the past 18 months, a recession in demand both at home and abroad showing up a sizeable excess of capacity. In May, following a ruling under the Restrictive Trade Practices Act, the industry dropped its agreement for fixing the prices of ordinary mains cable; price cutting began at once and few firms in the industry – despite a recent increase in sales – can now be making much profit on these particular items. The result has been a wave of mergers, a steady increase in the relative size of the two giants of the industry, and moves towards rationalisation (which means closing factories). Three chairmen of cable companies, by coincidence, have issued statements during the past week. The chairman of BICC, much the biggest firm in the business, regrets the whole thing and warns smaller firms that they will have to adopt voluntary price discipline if they do not want to be driven out of business by the giants. Some sort of discussions, in fact, seem now to be going on, but it is uncertain whether they will succeed. Will you have price-fixing or monopoly?

Company News

South Durham Steel and Iron, the first steel company to report its results, has disappointed an over-optimistic market. The trading profit is about ten per cent. higher, but the dividend has not been increased – naturally enough, since the company is in the middle of an expensive development plan and has to reckon with a large block of debenture stock which may be converted into equity next year. *Electrical and Musical Industries* is making a one-for-two scrip issue and forecasting an effective increase in dividend. Sales rose by 2½ per cent. last year to £67½m and the new computer business is growing rapidly. *Marks and Spencer* reports that its sales are continuing to increase in money terms, despite its price-cutting campaign. Last year the group managed to combine price cuts with higher profit margins: the market is hoping that it will manage to do the same and maintain the old dividend rate on capital increased by a one-for-five scrip issue.

TAURUS



The Chess Board

No. 523. With Both Hands?

"With a split second left for his 40th, Tal plonked that Rook down with both hands . . ."—thus Harold Lommer in a most thrilling account of a most thrilling day in the Candidates' Tournament (but I mustn't forget to ask Harold how exactly Tal punched his clock while requiring both hands for that Rook). A valiant Rook indeed, but let's see: /r1R2rk1/5pp1/7p/3p1Bq1/1P2p3/P4P2/1B2QP2/2R3K1/. That, in the 15th round game Smyslov-Tal, was the position after the 28th move. A piece down and with 12 moves to be done in rather less than a minute Tal struggled on, everybody wondering, why. But then he was probably thinking (if he had the time to do so) of Tartakower's wise counsel that no one had ever yet scored a point or even ½ point by resigning. As for Smyslov, with plenty of time to spare, he played on as confidently as well he might. (29) K-B1, Q x B; (30) R x R ch, R x R; (31) P x P, P x P; (32) Q-K3, R-Q1; (33) Q-KKt3, P-Kt4; (34) R-B5, R-Q8 ch; (35) K-Kt2, Q-K3; (36) P-Kt5, K-R2; (37) R-B6, Q-Q4; (38) Q-K5 ? ? and now with about two seconds left for the next three moves, Tal started his two-fisted R-plonking: . . . R-Kt8 ch ! !; (39) K-R2, R-R8 ch! ; (40) K-Kt2, R-Kt8 ch; *Tableau!!* Smyslov flabbergasted, Tal as cool a customer as ever, the audience cheering. But that was nothing—so Lommer tells us—when compared with the ovation Olafsson got for beating Petrosjan in the same round. Here's the adjourned position. /7k/6p1/1p3p2/3r2p1/P1R5/5PpP/4K1P1/8/. Petrosjan (White) offered a draw, but Olafsson would have none of it.

(41) P-B4, P x P; (42) R x P, R-QB4; (43) R-QKt4, R-KB4; (44) R x P, R-B7 ch; (45) K-K3, R x P; (46) K-B3, R-QR7; (47) K x P, R x P; (48) R-Kt3, K-R2; (49) R-QB3, K-R3; (50) R-Kt3 (R-B5!), K-Kt4; (51) R-QB3; P-B4; (52) R-B8, R-R6 ch; (53) K-Kt2, K-B5; (54) R-B4 ch, K-K6; (55) K-Kt3, P-Kt4; (56) P-R4, K-Q6; (57) R-QKt4, K-B6; (58) R-Kt8, K-Q5 ch; (59) K-Kt2, P-Kt5; (60) P-R5, R-KR6; (61) R-KR8, K-K4; (62) P-R6, K-B3; (63) R-B8 ch, K-Kt3; (64) R-Kt8 ch, K x P;

Here Petrosjan resigned, and the crowd (so Lommer reports) showed their sympathy for the underdog by cheering Olafsson for minutes on end. Thousands who hadn't got into the crowded hall had been standing on the street for hours watching the game on a huge wall-board. They shouted for Olafsson, and the shy Icelander had to appear on the balcony for a tumultuous ovation. Still the crowd wouldn't budge until their hero had been smuggled out of the building by a side door and under police protection. Enough, I should say, to make Monroe and Bardot quite eager to learn chess. (Should they require tuition I might oblige.)

Yet another sensation occurred in that sensational 15th round. Here's Keres-Fischer after the 23rd move. /2r1r1k1/5p1p/6p1/8/3P2Q1/2b3P1/q3BP1P/3R1K1R/. A gasp of horror went round that crowded hall when Keres blundered by (24) B-Kt5. Young Fischer pounced on him like a hawk, winning a piece and forcing resignation in a few moves; and how he did it may well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B**, a 4-mover should be as easy as it is neat, while **C**, a draw, is quite witty and may be facilitated by my useful hint that the humblest Pawn might be exalted to the honour of strangulating a Queen. Usual prizes. Entries by 30 November.

B: Leonid Kubbel, 1906: /8/3Kp3/1p2R3/1p1k2Pp/1P1p3P/3P1P2/5P2/8/.

C: Kusnetzov and Zacharov, 1958: /8/7b/4KB2/6PP/8/kt3P3/p7/4b2k/.

REPORT on No. 520. Set 31 October

A: (1) B-Kt6 ch, followed by Q-R5 etc.
B: (1) P-Q5, PxP; (2) P-R7, B-B3; (3) PxP, BxP ch; (4) Kt-B4 !, BxKt ch (5) K-K1 etc; if (4) B-B3; (5) Kt-K5 ch etc.
C: (1) P-B6, PxBP; (2) P-R6, B-Q4; (3) Kt-B3, B-B6; (4) K-B2, B-R8; (5) K-K3 [threatening Kt-K4], P-KB4; (6) Kt-Q5 ch!, BxKt; (7) K-Q4, B-B6; (8) K-B5 etc. If (6) . . . PxKt; (7) K-Q4 etc. If (1) . . . B-Q4: (2) Kt-Kt4, B-K5; (3) P-B7, B-Kt2, (4) P-R6 etc.

Not too difficult. Prizes: E. Allan, E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, M. P. Furmston, J. R. Harman. In the 41st ladder decade: 1st: M. P. Furmston (883), 2nd: J. W. Ecelson (771), 3rd: J. P. Ford (735), 4th: R. C. Chaturvedi (699). They all go back to scratch.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

FOREIGN student (m) very grateful anyone needing help in home who will offer rm in exchange quiet honest work pref. nr British Museum – Univ. Coll. Box 429.

YAS Mina, Orphanage near Tunis, 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. Please help us support. War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

MUSICIAN (f.) teaching away offers another loan Bechstein grand in exch. accom. part holidays reas. distance Liverpool St Station. Box 471.

FREE bed-sitter with breakfast in doctor's house in exchange coaching boy 14, particularly Maths. Lady preferred. Box 461.

SOUTH of France nr Vence. To let, small furn. house, mod. comf., one mth or more. State dates and no. of persons. Box 516.

ARTISTS wishing to exhibit in a London gallery please apply to Box 541.

SKI-ING. Czech. 14 days, £38 10s., excel. facs. Also Switzerland or Austria, £30. Org. by Camb. student. Coming? Box 469.

QUIET young man reqs. full board & lodging with quiet family nr Undgrnd. No sharing room. State terms. Box 564.

MUSIC Festival of Commonwealth Youth, March 1960. Open to Commonwealth students (instrumentalists under 25, singers under 30) prizes £100, £50. Details and entry forms write Music Organiser, Over-Seas League, Park Place, St James's St, SW1

ORIGINAL Play Competition 1959/60. Apply for details to Art Manager, Crescent Theatre, Birmingham, 1.

PROGRESSIVE guest house forming private company invites enquiries from would-be investors. Box 474.

LITERARY and Genealogical research – reasonable terms, quick service. Box 321.

LAYTON Wine (Winter) list now out! Write 2a Duke Street (Manchester Square), W1. WEL. 8808. Try my wine bar.

STORIES and articles required for American Journals. Donald N. Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Ireland.

I WRITE speeches, sales letters, books, technical articles, etc. Box 314.

BARBARA Jones has designed a magnificent 'Three Kings' Christmas card to be sold in aid of the National Marriage Guidance Council. This and others (4d.-1s.) shown in free illustrated leaflet. Send s.a.e. to The Book Room, 78 Duke St, W1.

WRITE for profit in spare time – wherever you live. Hundreds of RI students have earned while learning. Send for interesting free booklet – without obligation. The Regent Institute (Dept G/191), Palace Gate, Lon, W8

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GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

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DO you wear spectacles? Tired and strained eyes can be treated by Dr. W. H. Bates' method of relaxation at a London Clinic. Phone LANgham 3626 for particulars.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe, MP.

ROLLS or Raleigh, you can leave it outside 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8 while you are photographed by Anthony Panting, but please make an appointment. MAI. 3200.

XMAS Country Dance Party: 11-14 Dec. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; 18-21 Dec. 'Making a Mumming Play'.

DID you know? A portable typewriter of world-famous make – Olympia, Olivetti or Imperial – can be yours for 25s. down. Balance over 18 months. Write: Universal Supplies Co., 16 College Crescent, NW3. Typewriter repairs: free estimate, collection and delivery.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, Lon, NW1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PERSONAL—continued

£250 'New Statesman' cartoon competition. Details: 10 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversation & tuition.

CONTEMPORARY Christmas Cards. Exclusive designs by Annigoni, Michael Ayrton, Henry Moore, John Piper, Tony Armstrong-Jones, etc., in aid of National Fund for Polio Research. Send foolscap s.a.e. for illus. price list to Christmas Card Dept, NFPR Office, Well End, Bourne End, Bucks.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

ARE you impatient when old traditions delay the application of modern knowledge to human problems? You will meet kindred spirits in the Progressive League (N.2), 20 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

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FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday cries: 3 LP records, 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No dep. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone, NS), 10 Bayley St, W1. MUS. 7223.

PHYSICAL Culture based on rhythmic breathing and sustained movement. Relaxation Exercises. Applics to Mrs Mellish, 30 Pembridge Rd, W11. Tel. BAY. 4972 between 11 a.m. & 1 p.m. Mon. to Thurs. inclusive.

CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

FAMILY Planning. Send s.a.e. for list. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply Dept 162, TV Writing School, 14 Sackville St, W1.

CHRISTMAS Cards – 20 for 4s 3d. P.O.: Wagstaff, 48 Chaseside, Ldn, N14.

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FATIGUE-free integrated everyday living through the Alexander Technique. 16 Ashley Place, SW1. Tel. VIC. 1863.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e. to Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

'HINTS on Etiquette – with a glance at bad habits'. The amusing illustrated gift book for Christmas. 4s 9d. post paid from Turnstile Press, 10 Great Turnstile, WC1.

GANYMED'S new publications, Degas: Dancer, Picasso: A Girl with a Jug, Pissarro: The Seine at Marly, from all good printshops or from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

XMAS Cards, Prints, Pictures, Picture-Framing, Pottery. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. FRE. 3328. Two mins. from Earls Court Stn; open all day Sat.

PRESENTS for Particular People at Heal's. Gift Market with 'Quick Shopping Service', and 5 floors of presents.—196 Tottenham Crt Rd, W1. MUSeum 1666.

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AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, WC2. Pottery, Prints, small Pictures, Christmas Cards. Gallery open 11-6 incl. Sats.

IDEAL gift for 1 to 5 year olds. 24 large (2" x 2") brightly coloured wooden bricks for 10s. Post free in UK. Brix, 5 Colebrooke Row, N1.

WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLDS for Christmas. Tower House Hotel, Woodchester, Stroud Valley, Glos. Cen. htg, fires, 2 acres wooded parkland.

SUSSEX. Lamb Hse, Chapel Hill, Lewes. 1773. Delightful rms, brkfst. Din. opt.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

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SCHOLARSHIPS

SEVENOAKS School. Scholarship Regulations. Two or more Major Scholarships value up to full fees (£135 p.a. day boy: £297 boarder). Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions. Junior Group, age: 10.2 to 11½ (Maths and English). Senior Group, age 11½ to 13½. Exam end of February. Further particulars from Headmaster.

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Choose a Hotel
of the highest standards:
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CANNES: Carlton****L, Majestic****L, Martinez****L, Montfleuri****L, Gray & d'Albion****A, Réserve Miramar****L.
ANTIBES – JUAN LES PINS: Cap d'Antibes & Pavillon Eden Roc****L, Provençal****L, Belles-Rives****A.
BEAULIEU: La Reserve****L.
EZE BORD DE MER: Cap Estel****A.
AURON: (Winter sports) Du Pilon****C.
a.c.

WINTER IS ONE LONG, SUNNY FESTIVAL ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR.
RECAPTURE THE FIRE OF YOUR YOUTH – GO FESTIVE ON THIS EXHILARATING COAST.

CANNES CASINO MUNICIPAL (Chairman, F. André): THEATRE, all the latest Paris successes: classical concerts (60 performers); MARQUIS DE CUEVA'S INTERNATIONAL BALLET February 2 to March 13; RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS Weekly Gala Dinners with floor show, 2 bands; Réveillons for Christmas and New Year. MOUGINS GOLF COURSE (18 holes), International Competitions; YACHTING, Centenary of Regattas in Jan (Ski-Yachting Cup). International Film Festival, May.

NICE CARNIVAL Festivities, February 20—March 3 (Battles of Flowers, February 25 and March 3); International Race Meetings (Trotting and Chasing) during January, February and March; International Horse Show, April 23—May 1; International Lions Club Gala in December; Easter Monday Battle of Flowers, April 18; International Tennis Tournament in April. CASINO MUNICIPAL "Nuit de Nice" February 25; PALAIS DE LA MÉDITERRANÉE, weekly—theatre, comedy, concerts, recitals—Christmas & New Year Galas-"Nuit du Beaujolais" April 2. Painting and Sculpture Exhibitions.

MONTE CARLO CONCERTS from Nov to the end of April; THEATRE, season of successful plays from Dec 1 to end April; BALLET season, with outstanding stars, during the Christmas and Easter periods; OPERA season, end Jan to end March; GALAS at International Sporting Club, Dec. 24 and 31, and January 6, regular Gala Dinners and Balls; MONTE CARLO RALLY Jan 20 to 27; also Pigeon Shooting, Golf, Tennis, Yachting and Ball Trap Competitions.

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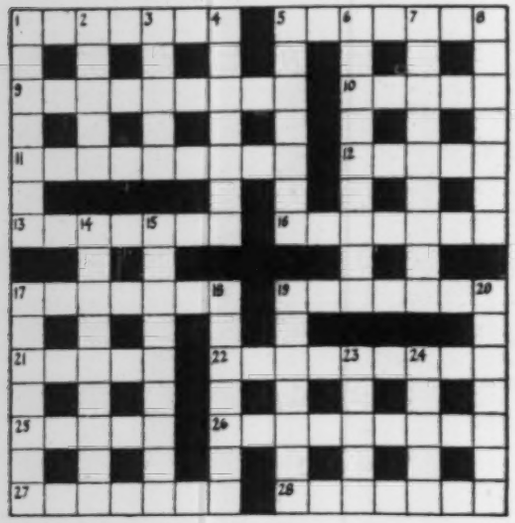
FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

New Address: 66 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

Week-end Crossword 380

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 380, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 1 Dec.



ACROSS

1. Virtuous but in a strange licentious manner (7).
5. Carries on like a golfer about his total (7).
9. Dances for a local inhabitant in the desert (9).
10. Plants have sport with a soldier (5).
11. Fragrance starting with colour (9).
12. The cost of bribing an MP (5).
13. A prize for degeneration (7).
16. Track partisanship? (7).
17. God-like, although I come in to spoil appearances (7).
19. The doctor goes after lighter port (7).
21. The goddess in old wives tales (5).
22. One can tie with them or they may make one lose chase (9).
25. Entertainment which starts with a little drink (5).
26. Foreshadow a silent standard (9).
27. Curiously steeped in what is most profound (7).
28. There is something gripping in the disappearance of a body (7).

DOWN

1. Country which has us in the courts (7).
2. The injured turn communist (5).
3. 'Convey a ——— in a frown' (Swift) (5).
4. Benefice soon within call (7).
5. Food which is like a woman in the middle (7).
6. Play quietly in variations on the sol-fa department (9).
7. Title for a moron disturbed about a portent (9).
8. Marksmen who have a hesitant expression in certainties (7).
14. Restore or control a country (9).
15. Spread to sustain the supporters (9).
17. 'The more ——— and minute domestic happiness' (Keats) (7).
18. A new road, to wit, a street is wrongly projected (7).
19. Make for the leader (7).
20. Died on the set! It's indecent (7).
23. Ticket for a party before the start of the election (5).
24. To swot one page is a painful experience (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 378

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 378

Miss E. Samuel (Berkhamsted)
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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CITY OF NOTTINGHAM
TEACHERS TRAINING COLLEGE
APPOINTMENT OF STAFF

The new City of Nottingham Teachers Training College will be appointing staff for 1960 at the grade of—

Deputy Principal
Principal Lecturers (£1,600-£1,800)
Senior Lecturers (£1,370-£1,600)
Lecturers (£980-£1,370)
and a few
Assistant Lecturers (£800-£890)

Temporarily slightly less for women. They will cover between them all the main subjects in the College curriculum. Further particulars from the Principal at this office.

W. G. JACKSON
Director of Education

Education Office,
Exchange Buildings, Nottingham

'DUNCROFT'
Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex
(Approved School for Senior Girls)

Applications are invited for the following posts at the above School, which accepts girls of good intelligence in need of psychiatric treatment:

(1) SEWING INSTRUCTRESS
(2) HOUSE INSTRUCTRESS

Salary scales, which include equal pay increments, according to qualifications and experience. Board/lodging is provided at a charge of £126 per annum.

(3) TEACHER. Applicants must be qualified to teach general subjects up to GCE 'O' level (Small classes). Special interest in English and Arts desirable. Resident or non-resident candidates will be considered. Salary on Burnham Scale according to experience and qualifications.

(4) PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER Experience of Social Work with adolescent girls and interest in experimental work an advantage. Clinical experience is essential. Salary on the scale £610 × £25 (7) – £785 × £30 (2) – £845.

Forms of appln from Correspondent, NAMH, 39 Queen Anne St, W1.

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Modesty precludes our claiming we are the best source for finding a new job. Nevertheless, quite a number of sensible secretaries are finding just what they had in mind through

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ORGANISER for the Manchester & District Federation of Community Associations working in collaboration with the Local Education Authority, and the Manchester and Salford Council of Social Service. Initial Salary from £575 per annum according to ability and experience. Closing date 30 November, 1959. Details: Hon. Sec., Manchester & District Federation of Community Assocns, 16 Queen St, Manchester 2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Reader in Economic Statistics. Applications are invited for the newly-created position of Reader in Economic Statistics in the University of Western Australia. The person appointed should have experience of teaching and research, and have published work in the field of economic statistics. The duties of the post are to take over and develop the subject of economic statistics. Salary scale: £A2,600 to £A2,800 p.a. Conditions of appointment and general information are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 15 December, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Senior Lecturer in Government (Public Administration). Applications are invited for this newly created position in the Faculty of Economics in the University of Western Australia. The person appointed should have proficiency in the field of government, with special interest in Public Administration. Salary scale: £A2,150 to £2,500 p.a. Conditions of appointment and general information are obtainable from the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 15 December 1959.

RHODES University, South Africa. Professor of Fine Art. Applications are invited for the above post, from 1960. The salary scale is £2,200 × £100 – £2,700 per annum. A Vacation Savings Bonus, as in the public service, is also payable. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 31 December, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of London School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London, WC1. Senior Library Assistant required from 1 December 1959. Salary scale: £525 × £25 to £650. Family allowance and staff pension. Graduate preferred. Applicns in 4 copies to be addressed to Librarian of the School as above.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Barlby County Secondary School. Appointment of Headmaster. Applications are invited from well-qualified graduates for the post of Headmaster of the new Barlby County Secondary School which is expected to open in September, 1960. This will be a general secondary school of the East Riding pattern which will have technical courses and an academic stream preparing for external examinations. A house will be provided for the Headmaster. There will be a mixed three-form entry, and the school will be in Group IX for salary purposes. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Acting Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, Yorkshire, to whom completed forms should be returned by 5 Dec. 1959.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Senior Child Care Officer, salary scale £880-£1,065 (APTD III), and as Child Care Officer, salary scale £765-£880 (APTD II); the senior appointment will probably be in the Tilbury area. Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the Child Care field. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than 1 December 1959 to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 770-224 London Road, Chelmsford

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers (a): Scientific Officers (b). Pensionable posts for men or women in all major scientific fields, including physics, chemistry, biology, forensic science, meteorology and mathematics. Age limits: (a) at least 26 and under 31, (b) at least 21 and under 28. Extension for regular Forces Service and Overseas Civil Service. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g., post-graduate) experience. London salaries (men): (a) £1,233-£1,460, (b) £655-£1,150; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting (a) S53/59, (b) S52/59.

UNITED Nations Association invites applications for Meetings Secretary to the Council for Education in World Citizenship. The work includes obtaining suitable speakers on international affairs for meetings in schools, & the organisation of conferences for school children. Candidates should have some knowledge of international affairs & be able to type own correspondence. Public speaking experience & knowledge of committee procedure an advantage. Salary £400 p.a. rising by annual increments of £25 to £500 (starting according to qualifications). Applic. form to be returned not later than 4 Dec. 1959, from Secretary, CEWC, 25 Charles St, London, W1 (S.a.e.)

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of a male or female Child Care Officer. Preference will be given to graduates with a Diploma in Social Science or Home Office Certificate in Child Care for Boarding-out Officers. Previous experience in Child Care work would be an advantage. Salary within Grade APT. II (£765-£880) per annum. Candidates not able to offer all above qualifications would be considered at a commencing salary of not less than £670 per annum. Travelling and subsistence allowances will be payable on the County scale. The Officer appointed will be required to drive a car. The appointment, which is terminable by one month's notice on either side, is superannuable and subject to medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the undersigned within ten days of the appearance of this advt. J. Alan Turner, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Northampton.

HAMPSHIRE County Council.—Applications are invited for two posts in the medically directed Hampshire Child Guidance Service for either (a) Psychiatric Social Workers or (b) Case Workers—training in mental health aspects given. Salary rising to a maximum of £845 or £785 respectively, according to qualifications and experience. Ability to drive essential. Visits to see and discuss the Service with the staff can be arranged. Further particulars and application forms from the Principal School Medical Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

CALDECOTT Community. Required in January a young housemother for a group of deprived children age 9-11. She would be responsible for their general welfare and their 'out of school' activities and occupations. Central Training Council training preferred. Salary £400 (plus £50 if holding CTC Certificate) less £120 for board residence. Eight week holiday a year. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Shaw Classifying School for Girls (Home Office Approved School), Appleton, Cheshire. Applications are invited for the post of Headmistress of the above school for forty girls from candidates with qualifications in teaching or social science, experience with adolescent girls, and an ability to appreciate and utilise the reports of specialists. The successful candidate will lead and direct the Classifying School staff consisting of Educational Psychologist, Teachers, Housemistresses, Housemothers and Nurse in the work of assisting and recording the backgrounds, problems and needs of delinquent girls between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. Salary scale £950 × £20-£1,250, with equal pay additions to a maximum of £1,450 per annum with the addition of graduate and training allowances where appropriate. Commencing point according to previous service. Full residential emoluments provided at a charge of £175 per annum. Post superannuable under the Teachers (Superannuation) Acts. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped-addressed foolscap envelope. F. J. Stevenson, Correspondent, 'Greystones', Lymm, Cheshire.

FAMILY Welfare Association require experienced Senior Caseworkers. Professional qualification and experience essential. Salary Scale from 1 January 1960 £550-£850 p.a. according to experience. Good holidays and superannuation scheme. Application in writing to Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

ADMINISTRATIVE Secretary required by East London Family Service Unit, with teams of 5 Case Workers and Shorthand typist. Varied work includes Committee duties, correspondence to subscribers, receipts and payments records, issue of newsletters, etc. Typing ability is necessary. Starting salary £500-£550 according to experience. Apply 71 Vallance Road, London, E1.

TRADES Union Congress invites applications for post of Assistant in Research and Economic Department. Sound knowledge of economics and related subjects essential: industrial background an additional qualification. Further particulars may be obtained before 4 December from Sir Vincent Tewson, TUC, 23-28 Great Russell St, London, WC1.

INTERNATIONAL Voluntary Service which runs work-camps and renders practical aid to needy people, requires organising secretary, early 1960. Minimum salary £600 plus children's allowance. Details and forms from the Chairman of the Executive Committee, 72 Oakley Square, London, NW1.

CONSUMERS' Association, publishers of Which?, now has 150,000 members. It requires several graduates to organise tests of consumer goods. Minimum salary £1,000 a year. Also required Assistant Editor for Which?. Salary according to experience. Application forms from Director, 333 High Holborn, WC1.

ARCHITECTS. Several Assistant Architects required in busy Midland office, interesting work, mainly hospital, commercial and industrial. Excellent opportunities for self expression. Five-day week, pension scheme, assistance in obtaining living accommodation. Salary £1,200 upwards according to qualifications. Box 317.

WANTED urgently: Assistant Staff at Diocesan Girls' Hostel. Some training or experience essential. Average twelve adolescents aged 12-18. Apply Organising Secretary, 65 Queen's College Chambers, Birmingham 1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

A WORTHWHILE holiday. Why not spend part of your summer vac. leading a group of young people on a week's walking or cycling tour Youth Hostelling in this country. If you have humour and an understanding of the needs of young teenagers and are really interested in this satisfying job, apply in writing to Home Tours Department, N/S, Youth Hostels Association, St Albans, Herts.

WEST End Travel Agency specialising in inclusive holidays and travel to Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, requires experienced booking clerk to handle counter bookings and correspondence, visa applications, etc. An interesting and well-paid position is offered to the person with quick intelligence, ability to work without supervision, and preferably with travel agency experience. Apply in your own handwriting to Personnel Manager, Contours Ltd, 72 Newman Street, London, W1.

PRIVATE secretary required by MP/author. Must be competent shorthand-typist. Interesting post for young woman with initiative and sense of responsibility. Preference for socialist. Salary £11 p.w. Apply with full particulars to Box 517.

PART-time shorthand-typist required. 16-20 hours a week, times to be arranged. 'Phone BIS. 9343. East London Family Service Unit, 71 Vallance Road, E1.

SECRETARIES/Shorthand-Typists, whole- and part-time required for medical psychological research projects. Good shorthand and typing speeds essential. Starting salary £500-£550, according to experience and qualifications. Applications, giving full particulars and names of two referees to Box 500.

SHORTHAND/typist required by religious/pacifist organisation. Apply Secretary, Friends Peace Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

EXPERIENCED secretarial assistant with fair knowledge of French required for offices of Jewish organisation. Graduate preferred. Must be efficient shorthand-typist both in English and French, and able to write letters on own initiative. Good working conditions and salary. Apply Box 580.

PA/SEC. 25-35, highly qualified, for Architect's office, Strand. £12-£15. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

PART- or full-time secretary with good speeds wanted for West End School. Must be efficient. French an advantage, and some experience with accounts. Box 351.

WORK in America! We have highly-paid vacancies with private families in lovely homes in NY, sunny California and elsewhere for reliable domestic girls. Write for details now to London's leading Domestic Agency. Burnett Bureau Ltd, 77 Dean St, W1.

EARTHMAIDENS. We cannot promise you a trip to the Moon, but a job from the Winifred Johnson Bureau is guaranteed to put stars in your eyes. 114 Holborn, EC1. (next to Gamages) HOLborn 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG Radical, 22, ex-Publ. Sch., skS full-time Trade Union or Social Welfare work. Publ. spkr. Excel. refs. Box 370.

WE have graduates qualified to do research, industrial management and secretarial work. Apply, North London Office Training Bureau Ltd, N10. TUDor 1074.

RUSSIAN/German speaking lady with some knowledge of shorthand & typing reqs whole- or part-time employment. Box 445.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

PA'S Ltd inspect and let the best flats & flatlets in Hampstead & NW London. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge rm bach. flatlet exc. furn. nr bus/tube. £3 wk incl. c.h.w., cing. el., use frig, bath. MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

ST JOHN'S Wood. Well furn. bed-sit. in quiet house. £3. Breakfast by arrangement. Suit bus. man or woman. MAI. 4092.

BED-sitting room, small dining room, comfortable, quiet private house. SPE. 7684.

COLOURED students! Quiet hse. academic landlady. Rms. 32s. 6d., 50s. SHE. 1501.

NR Baker St, small 1-room flatlet £3 15s. Engs. HAM. 8109 after 4 p.m.

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LGE b/s., share k., frig., quiet flat nr Swiss Cott. 55s. MAI. 2508 or Box 542.

NEWLY dec. furn. sgle b/s., h. & c., ckg facs, nr Highgate Tube. £3. TUD. 0516.

COMF. large sgle b/sit., central heating, ckg facs. 3½ gns. SPE. 3328.

HIGHGATE. Attrac. furn. flat, suit 1 or 2 bus. people. 5 gns. p.w MOU. 3676.

FURN. flatlet, 2 newly dec. rooms, kitchen, use bathroom, gdn. 4 gns. 35 mins. Baker St. 24 Nightingale Rd, Rickmansworth.

GREENWICH. Unfurn. flat in period house facing garden, 2 rooms, bathroom, w.c., kitchen, 14 mins train Charing Cross. £4 10s. p.w. Fixtures & fittings £30. Unsuitable for children. Box 581.

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BED-sit. W11, ckg fac., suit stud. any nat. 45s. inc. cleaning. PAR. 8730 evg.

BARNES, nr H'smith Bdge, newly-f. s/c. flat for quietish 2. 6 gns. WES. 2130.

RICHMOND. Bed-sit. rm. & kit. Rent & furnishing by arrangement. RIC. 3819

CORNWALL, Marazion: Sunny fur. s/c. flat eqpd 5 pers. Dec. on. S.a.e. Box 418.

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DOCTOR, wife, child and nanny require flat NW Lon./Bloomsbury 14 Dec.-mid April. 3/4 rms, kit. & bath. HAM. 0027.

YOUNG graduate schoolteacher (f) reqs accom. in Bermondsey. FRE. 9272.

SINGLE male City office employee, quiet, seeks unfurnished room (or 2 rooms) bathroom, kitchen if possible, for long period commencing early in 1960. Careful tenant: good references. Mr O. R. Hanson, 4 Great Ormond Street, London, WC1.

PH.D in industry seeks quiet, attractive, independent flatlet/large room in Central London. Box 447.

GRAD. reqs s/c. furn. flat WC1 or NW1, 2 bedrms acc. 3, 1 sit., k. & b. Essential no restricts., max. £10. Box 462.

GIRL 23, reqs c. h., well furn. accom. NW London pref. sharing. Box 495.

YNG woman Australian music stud. desires live in musical home, piano use in morns. Miss Baffsky, c/o Australia House, WC2.

PROPERTY TO LET

TO let now, Ireland, comf. furn. secluded cottage 40 min. Dublin. Box 521.

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Whether you know a lot about wine or only a little, next to drinking it, reading about wine is the most delightful hobby, particularly if what you read is informative, well devised and contributed by people who know their subject. Just so is the new WINE BOOK, published by House & Garden. Connoisseurs expound on the various vintages their heritage, advantages, and acceptance.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?', the invaluable £1 Christmas present for yourself and others. Every month 'Which?' reports frankly and impartially on the goods you may want to buy. Annual subs. only £1 to Dept 6, Consumers' Assocn Ltd, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

MACMILLAN and Russia. Inside information from Emrys Hughes, MP, in 'Pilgrim's Progress in Russia' 5s., parge 5d. Bksellers or Housemans, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1.

ENGLISH and German books bought and sold. Offers made for collections without obligation. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, NW6. PRImrose 2585.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, Lond., WC2.

SOCIALISM, economics, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps., journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 2030.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 728

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
Extension Weekend Course

Wansfell Residential College, Theydon Bois, Essex, Fri. 4 December-Sun 6 December: 'NATIONALISM AND THE FUTURE IN AFRICA'. Lecturers: Prof. K. Robinson, John Hatch, BA. Inclusive fee 45s. (35s. Essex residents). Enqs & applicns to the Deputy Director (Extension N), Dept of Extra-Mural Studies, Univ. of London, Senate House, WC1.

SLADE SCHOOL OF FINE ART

University College London. Candidates for admission in October 1960 should obtain application forms from Secretary, Slade School of Fine Art, University College London, Gower St, WC1. Students wishing to study Stage Design will be considered for Stanbury Scholarship (see below). Application forms must be submitted by 15 December 1959.

STAGE DESIGN
at the
SLADE SCHOOL OF FINE ART

Candidates who apply to study Stage Design (see above) in October 1960 will be considered for Stanbury Scholarship if they have had either previous art school training or practical experience in the theatre.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

PRIVATE tuition (Shorthand, Typing). Boarding for out of town students. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

INDIVIDUAL tuition (Resident or Day) by graduates. Successes to Distinction at Scholarship Level, GCE. Essex Tutors, 24, Beaconsfield Ave., Colchester.

EXPERT tuition in Russian and Spanish. Telephone POL. 7153 after 7 p.m.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete Course; (2) Basic French for Conversation; (3) Translation Courses. Lesson-by-lesson coaching by experienced French Teachers. Easy payments, combined class/correspondence courses. Send for Prospectus: Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

ITALIAN, French, German (Rome Univ., Sorbonne, Heidelberg). Coaching all exams & scholarships. Also conversation. Chanda HAM. 7322, 7.45-8.45 a.m. Suns. 1.15-2.30.

WHY Worry? Convert all your wasted energy into constructive action. Eliminate Fear, Depression and Worry with Pelmanism, you will then accomplish so much that you will have nothing to worry about. Write for free copy of 'The Science of Success' which fully describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St, London, W1. WELbeck 1411.

SPECIALISED Tuition in pianoforte playing, technique & repertoire. Constance Bulmer, 32 Trevor Place, SW7. KEN. 4624.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

PAINTING Classes Sats. and/or Suns. Edward Swann Painting Assembly in Chelsea. Classes limited, tuition thorough by established professionals. Details ES, c/o 50 Alexandra Rd, London, SW19. WIM. 1009.

SINGING, Voice Production, Piano, beginners. Late Vienna Conserv. GLA. 0584.

VOICE production, and coaching in Italian, German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish and English songs. Florence Wiese, 59 George Street, W1. WEL. 7893.

SCHOOLS

CREATIVE Education. Box Hill School, Mickleham, Surrey, Headmaster Roy McCornish, DA (for past 8 years a Housemaster at Gordonstoun School), a co-educational Boarding and Day School for pupils from 7-18 years, has vacancies for boarders in January 1960. For prospectus please apply to the Headmaster.

SCHOOLS—continued

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship. Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

JUNIOR House School, Saffron Walden, Essex. Day and boarding school has a few vacancies, weekly or termly boarders. Boys and Girls 5-11 years. Wide range of subjects – home atmosphere. Enquiries and visitors welcomed by Headmistress.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

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SKI WITH THE
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LEYSIN, ENGELBERG or SERRE CHEVALIER
A winter sports holiday with this famous French Club is gayer and more light-hearted than anything you have ever known. Everything for the perfect skiing holiday.
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Dept NS., 207 Victoria Street, London, SW1. Tel. VICtoria 4826.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Our Christmas arrangements will suit everyone who wants a cheerful Christmas holiday in pleasant company. They include:—
Christmas/New Year Winter Sports holidays (party and individual arrangements), Christmas parties in England (Berkshire, Surrey, Kent, Suffolk, Warwickshire, Isle of Wight), Christmas parties in Morocco (where sunshine is a certainty), Nice and Amsterdam.
CHRISTMAS CRUISES
Details of these and other Winter Sports and Winter Sunshine arrangements from:
ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE,
47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-4.

SKI-ING AT CHRISTMAS
(depart 21 December)
By Day Flights to Austria's best Winter-sports Centres
LECH or KITZBUEHEL
two weeks £36 10s.
even includes skilift tickets
FOUR SEASONS TRAVEL
49 Dover St, W1. GRO. 7853

WINTER is a time to flee from Fog and Flu. We offer a really magnificent collection of Ski-ing and Sunshine holidays (also special Christmas/New Year arrangements in Majorca & Paris). Call, write or telephone today, Prottravel (NS), 121 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TEM. 5588.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

DUPLICATING, Shorthand, Typing, Translating, Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, N11. (ENT. 3324.)

EXPD translator sks homework, German & French into English. S. H. Wentworth, BA, 145 Swakeleys Rd, Ickenham, RUI 9410.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
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Box Office: Tel. COVent Garden 1066

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
23 & 26 Nov. at 7.30 Carmen
25 Nov. at 7.00 Aida

THE ROYAL BALLET
Evenings at 7.30
24 & 27 Nov. Pineapple Poll
Symphonic Variations
Daphnis & Chloe
28 Nov. Le Lac des Cygnes

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

OPERA SEASON
Evenings 7.30
24 & 28 Nov. Katya Kabanova
25 Nov. The Flying Dutchman
26 Nov. Don Giovanni
27 Nov. Cinderella (La Cenerentola)

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu. to Fri. 8.0. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'A Man's Job', Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 4.30 & 8.15. Peggy Ashcroft, Eric Porter, Mark Dignam in Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. Sat. 5 & 8. 'Make Me An Offer', by W. Mankowitz.

TOWER. 7.30. 20, 21, 22 (mems) and 26, 27, 28 Nov. Ben Jonson's 'The Alchemist'. Book now CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. 'Anna Christie' – West Indian Cast. Mems.

CONCERTS

SATURDAY, 21 Nov., 7.30, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Concert in commem. of Purcell's Death (21 Nov.). Purcell: Ode 'Come Ye Sons of Art'; Jeremiah Clarke & Henry Hall: 2 Odes on Purcell's Death. Soloists, choir, orch.; cond.: W. Bergmann. Tkts 4s. from Registrar/at door.

GEORGE Malcolm. The Goldberg Variations (Bach) on the Harpsichord. Royal Festival Hall, Sunday, 29 Nov., at 3 p.m. (Harpsichord by Thomas Goff). Tickets: 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Hall (WAT. 3191), Agents and Ibbs & Tillett Ltd (WEL. 8418).

ENGLISH Consort of Viols, Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 26 Nov., at 7.30. Works for Consorts of four, five & six parts by Ferrabosco, Coperario, Lawes, Locke, Jenkins. Six-part Ricecar by J. S. Bach, etc. 9s., 6s., 3s., from Hall (WEL. 2141), Agents, Tilley Connely Ltd, 22 Trebovir Road, SW5.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concert, Wednesday evening at 7.45: 25 November, Syriax to Saxophone (A History of Wood Wind): James MacGillivray and Joan Rimmer. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments avail. 7-7.40 p.m. (1918.)

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comédie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Films by Fellini. Until 22 Nov: Masina in 'La Strada' (A). From 23 Nov.: Masina, Broderick Crawford in 'Il Bidone' (A). 'Momma Don't Allow' (Free Cinema) (U).

IN aid of World Refugee Year, Special Performance of United Nations Films 'Power Among Men' and 'The Camp'. Personal appearance of Yul Brynner. Royal Festival Hall, Mon. 23 Nov., at 8 p.m. 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. Box Office and Agents.

GRAND Social Evg, Sat. 28 Nov. 8-11.30. Dancing to Group 11 Band. Licd buffet, Artists' Group Crafts Display. Ad. 2s. 6d. Railway Htl, Putney High St (opp. S. Region Stn), nr Tube E. Putney. Org. Putney CND.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartette, Sat. 21 November, 8-11 p.m. Mems. 3s., their Guests 5s.

'KRAMPUS Dance', Kensington Town Hall, Thurs. 3 Dec. at 8. Austrian Cabaret – Viennese Buffet – Dancing until midnight. Tickets from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St, W8. WES. 9003. Members 5s., Non-members & at door 7s. 6d., limited number of Student Tickets at 3s. 6d.

DANCE, International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat., 21 Nov., 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent sculpture Trevor Bates, 10-6. Sats 10-1. At 2 Cork St, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Stefan Knapp – Recent paintings. Opens Tuesday 24 November. Until 12 December. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Architects' Choice. A selection from the collections of modern British Architects. Until 28 November. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., Members free. Library: Ducman – Monotypes.

PUSHKIN Club, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Exhibition of works by M. V. Dobujinsky 'Russia, Europe, America'. Open to public until 28 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., 1-6 p.m. Tues., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 1-8 p.m.

CRAFTS for Christmas at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, London, W1, from 16 November. Mon.-Fri. 10.-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Cecil Collins: a retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and tapestries 1928-1959. Opens 26 November. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

THE Vikings and their Ancestors. Exhibition from the National Museum of Denmark. 19-28 Nov. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. daily except Sunday. Admission Free. The Danish Centre, 2/3 Conduit St, W1.

LIPCHITZ: Sculpture. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 16 December. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

DUNOYER De Segonzac: Drawings, watercolours & engravings. An Arts Council exhibition. Royal Academy Diploma Gallery. Till 29 November. Weekdays 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

IMPRESSIONS of Moscow: exhibition of water colours by Madeleine E. Anderson. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Mons to Fris to 1 Dec. at SCR. 14 Kensington Sq. D8. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) F. N. Souza from 3 Nov.

KAPLAN Gallery. 'Bella Brisel' Paintings, until 28 Nov. 6 Duke St, St James's.

MARLBOROUGH Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 'Art in Revolt: Germany 1905-1925'. Chagall, Kirchner, Klee, Kokoschka, Marc, etc. In aid of World Refugee Year. Admn 2s. 6d. Students 1s. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Misc. works by Picasso, Miro, Braque, Pissarro, Bott, Friesz, Delvaux, Sutherland, Bratby, Meadows, Frink, etc. Open 24 Nov.

CHILTERN Gallery, 10 Chiltern St, W1. Boszin & Kujundzic – paintings. 11-6.30. Sats. 11-2.30.

ST George's Gallery Prints. Edwin La Dell – The Oxford and Cambridge Eight – lithographs & associated gouaches. 3-28 Nov., 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Jeannette Jackson and The Quinton Group till 5 Dec., Garcia-Llort till 28 Dec., Janet Green 30 Nov.-5 Dec. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1.

PARIS Gallery, 1 Albany Terrace, NW1. WEL. 7360. (Regent's Park Stn). Figure Variations – paintings from Paris & London. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Lacasse, till 5 Dec. 10-6 daily.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NEW LEFT CLUB
formerly Universities & Left Review Club

Monday, 23 November: 7.30 for 8 p.m.
Social Americanism: The Future of Socialism? THOMAS BALOGH

Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1. (Two minutes Warren St Station) Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Restrictive Practices: British and American Experience Compared' will be delivered by Professor E. V. Rostow (Yale) at 5 p.m. on 1 December at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Admn free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 24 Nov. 'Clytaemnestra: the Problem of Matricide in Greek Drama' by Mr J. H. Kells. 26 Nov. 'Making Town Planning Pay' by Mr. L. B. Keeble.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

Stop the COLOUR BAR by Education and Legislation.
Sat. 21 November, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1, 2.45 p.m. Speakers: Mrs Paul Robeson, Mr Ted Braithwaite, Mr Neil Lawson, QC, Dr David Pitt. Chair.: Malcolm B. Purdie. Delegates and visitors' tickets 2s. 6d. Delegate Conference organised by The National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New King's Road, SW6. (REN. 2254.)

CENTRAL Africa: Basil Davidson, 4.30 p.m. Sat. 21 Nov. 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8. (Kensington High St.) 45th Anniversary Union of Democratic Control.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, MP, 'Socialism – How much re-thinking?' Fabian Post-Election Lecture, Wed., 25 Nov., 7.15, Livingstone Hall (nr St James's Park Stn).

'YOUNGHUSBAND Report and the Professional Social Worker'. AGFCW meeting addressed by Miss Younghusband, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1, 5 p.m., Friday 27 Nov. All welcome. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LONDON Co-operative Society Political Committee Autumn Lectures. Tuesday 24 November 8 p.m. 'The Consumer in Twentieth Century Society'. Speaker: Max Wood (Secretary Co-operative Union Parliamentary Committee) Library, Partisan Coffee House, 7 Carlisle Street, W1.

'CURRENT Affairs'. Monthly Lectures – Eccleston Hotel, SW1. Future speakers include: Sir John Glubb, Sir Roy Harrod, Peter Parker, Esq. Varied social activities. Apply: Hon. Secretary, London Ashridge Circle, 33a Bond St, London, W.5.

SERIES of Socialist Lectures. 'Economic Crises'. Speaker: E. Hardy. Sunday, 22 Nov., 7.30. Denison Hse, 296 Vauxhall Bdge Rd (Nr Victoria) Socialist Pty of Gt. Britain.

COLLET'S 1959-60 Series of Talks; John Berger, art critic, on 'Why Soviet Artists should Study Picasso'. (There will also be a display of 35 Art Books from the Soviet Union, East Europe & China.) Tues. 24 November, 7.30-10 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tkts: 2s. each from Collets London Bookshop, 64/66 Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art: Kasimir Malevich. Discussion. Speakers: Camilla Gray, Toni del Renzio, David Sylvester. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Tuesday, 24 November, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s., Members 1s. 6d. Jazz: Jelly Roll Morton. A complete survey by Bill Collyer and Pat Hawes. Piano illustrations. Wednesday, 25 November, 8 p.m. Admission 2s 6d., Members 1s. 6d.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs. 26 Nov. 'Schopenhauer and his philosophy'. Admission free.

WJC British Section, Jewish Forum: 'Do Jewish International Conferences make sense?' R. N. Carvalho, B. B. Gillis, QC, G. D. Paul, Dr S. J. Roth; Chairman: Dr S. A. Miller. The Council Room, 33 Seymour Place, London, W1, 8 p.m. Mon. 23 Nov.

PANEL Doctors. New Jewish Society. New Chiltern Rooms, 83 Chiltern Street, W1, at 8 p.m. Wednesday, 25 Nov.

RICHARD S. Davis, Director, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts 1956-59, speaks on 'The Sculpture of Jacques Lipchitz' in the last of the USIS Autumn Lecture Series, Tuesday, 24 November, 8 p.m., in the USIS Library, 41 Grosvenor Square.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Sat. 28 Nov., 2.45 at 39 Priory Road, NW6. Dr H. Allan: 'The Individual and the Universe'.

PHILOSOPHICAL Society of England, Lecture: 'Philosophy in the New Era', the Rev. A. D. Belden, DD. Sat., 28 November, 3.45 p.m. Caxton Hall, SW1. Adm. free.

INTERNATIONAL Society for Socialist Studies – Socialists meet for lunchtime discussions Tuesdays in Fleet St area. Ring LIV. 4589 after 8 p.m. for information.

SA Freedom Assn. Patrick Van Rensburg, Nat. Org. SA Liberal Party, on 'S. African Political Scene' at 62 Regents Park Rd, NW1, 8 p.m., Sunday, 22 November.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 24 Nov. Richard H. Pear, BSc, 'The Affluent Society'.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 25 Nov., 6.30: A Symposium on Buddhism and the Modern World. Chair: Christmas Humphreys. Also Saturday Group at 58 Eccleston Square, 28 Nov., 3 p.m. (reading, discussion, tea – open to all). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

BAHAI World Faith. Meeting every Thurs. 7.45, 27 Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 20 Nov., 8 p.m. 'Visual Impressions of Russia by recent visitors', Tues. 24 Nov., 8 p.m. Canon and Mrs. L. J. Collins: 'Religion and Politics in Soviet Russia'. Fri. 27 Nov., 8 p.m. Prof. E. Hill (Cambridge): 'Pushkin House of USSR Acad. of Sciences in Leningrad'.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Mr Charles David Ley on 'Discovery of Modern Spanish Poetry', on 27 November at 6 p.m.

IWC London Branch, Fri., 27 Nov., 8.30. 'The 11+ and all that,' Mr T. H. Pinder, FRSA. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public Lecture. Free.

THE West London Ethical Society. 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 22 November, 6.30 Music & Readings: 7 p.m. 'Humanism is Radical': H. J. Blackham.

'ETHICS and Education.' Pub. Lect. Sun. 22 Nov. 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

SPLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 22 Nov. F. H. A. Micklewright, MA, 'The Abolition of Slavery: A Christian or Humanist Achievement?'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tues. 24 Nov. 7.30. Discourse. Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs. 26 Nov. 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Teachings of the Upanishads'. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun., 22 Nov. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. J. T. Beskine, 'Personal & Universal Realization'.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Conference 6.30 p.m. Thurs. 26 Nov. at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Ad. 2s. 6d., or apply Sec. Society for the Study of Physiological Patterns, 10 Pont St Mews, SW1. KEN. 3572.

WILLIAM Temple Assoc. J. B. Coates on 'A Challenge to Christianity', 24 Nov., 8 p.m. Liddon Hse, 24 South Audley St, W1.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenæum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY. 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d, Canada 1d.